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Social Christianity in the
New Era

By *CHAPLAIN THOMAS TIPLADY*

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Social Christianity In the New Era

By

THOMAS TIPLADY

Hon. Chaplain to the Forces

*Author of "The Cross at the Front," "The
Soul of the Soldier," etc.*



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DEDICATED

to my Abbeville friends

*E. M. Y., N. Y., L. A.,
M. B., J. W. C.,
W. G. A., and T. P. G.*

Preface

THIS is not a book of statistics, nor is it a cumulation from other books. I write of the things which I have seen with my own eyes, and experienced in my own life. I give my own opinions about them, and suggest what appear to me to be the true remedies.

I have lived in manufacturing towns, mining areas, agricultural districts and the slums of the world's largest city. I have also spent three years as chaplain on the battle-fields of France.

I have carefully observed the state of the Church and the social conditions of the people. I know, to some extent, what the returning soldiers expect of the Church and the State. In the light of the New Testament and the revelations made by the War, I have tried to show what the attitude of the Church ought to be towards the social problems of our time, and appeal to the Church

to give a message to the community as well as to the individual.

Bolshevism is rampant in the world and cannot be destroyed merely by repression. It must be stamped out by the application of Christianity to business and industry. Preachers and Christian business men can do more against Bolshevism than soldiers and police.

The hour calls for Christian idealism among masters and men. It calls for a "Holy Order of Business Men," and asks that the moral energy, heroism and unselfishness which won the War should be put into business, so that poverty, ignorance and preventable suffering may come to an end. The material and moral standard of life must be raised for all classes. That the Church may not fail the world in its time of need I plead for the reunion of Christendom and give our experiences at the Front. I want to see the Church accomplish the Christianization of industry, help the Women's Movement, and meet the crying needs of the children.

We must sound the heroic note in the pulpit instead of the morbid, so that the Church may win the allegiance of the soldiers and young people. The Lord's Table

may become to the chivalrous what the Round Table was to the knights of King Arthur.

I have dared to criticize the Church and Society because I have unbounded faith in their future, and believe that they can bear criticism. I trust, however, that this criticism will be found to be constructive rather than destructive; inspiring rather than depressing.

I do not expect every one to agree with my diagnosis of the ills that afflict Society nor with the proposed remedies. But I do expect to make my readers think for themselves on the facts revealed, and to keep on thinking until remedies are found. I have given the choicest years of my life to the poor and unfortunate. And I have tried to lift the veil on their sufferings in order that I may bring to their help those to whom God has given the talent for business and organization. Above all, I am anxious that Christians and not Atheists, Patriots and not Bolshevists should be the leaders in social betterment. The man who has fallen wounded by the wayside must not be left to the Samaritan while the Priest and Levite pass by on the other side. Like our wounded soldiers, the poor look to the Church, not to

the Rationalist Society, for help, and they must not look in vain.

Social reform is coming, but woe to the Church and Society if it comes through revolution and not through religion.

The time has come for all Christians and Patriots to beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning hooks, and to make the garden of life sweet, beautiful and fruitful for all classes of society.

Some who read these chapters will say, "The author is dreaming." So I am, but the dreams will come true sometime, somewhere, somehow. Like the souls of children about to be given bodies, these dreams are soon to appear on the earth as realities. I have not found them in my brain but in the Gospels. They have sprung from Christ's heart.

Also, when I speak of the re-birth of the world, if it is to enter into the Kingdom of God, some may exclaim, "How can these things be?" It is not for me to say by what processes the world shall become new. A man wins a maiden by loving her, and a new world can only be won in the same way. The brain, stirred by the heart, will devise the right methods of approach. When we made up our minds to win the war, victori-

ous means were discovered. And we shall get a new world as soon as we make up our minds to have one. We have the old, callous, ugly world about us because the men who could make a new one are content with things as they are. It is the will to make a new world that is lacking—not the means. There is brain enough but not heart enough. “Where there is a will there is a way.”

At the Front I did not tell men how to use their rifles. I just told them that the war was worth winning; that the fate of unborn millions depended on their efforts; that no sacrifice could be too great if victory crowned it; and that they would go through to triumph if they persevered. When, in the Somme Campaign of 1916, they fell back baffled, some lost heart. “What more could men do than we have done?” they cried. “Yet the enemy holds fast. His lines are impregnable. The war will end in stale-mate.” They knew infinitely more about war and its possibilities than I. Nevertheless I refused to accept their view of the situation. I felt in my bones that we were in the right; that God was with us; and that our soldiers were determined to win through or die. I did not understand military matters but I under-

stood men. I therefore told them that sometime, somehow, somewhere, they would break through the German lines and win the victory; but I did not attempt to tell them how to break through. They needed heart, not brains; inspiration, not instruction. What was impossible in 1916 became possible in 1918 because hope and courage never left them. Some, who read my suggestions about industry, may say, "This man doesn't understand business." Maybe I don't. But I understand business-men. I cannot devise schemes for the social redemption of mankind, but they can. And they will. Our soldiers were greater than they knew themselves to be, and our business-men are nobler than they think they are. They will grow tired of using their brains for themselves and begin to use them for humanity. My aim is to make them *wish* to give a full, happy and intelligent life to all men. How to do it they will decide for themselves. The will is all they lack.

The dreamer needs the practical man and the practical man needs the dreamer. Every castle on the earth was once a castle in the air. It was the builder's work that made the architect's dream a reality. All working together, we can bring down the New

Jerusalem out of heaven as certainly as we can draw down a captive balloon.

We need but to make, and keep the poet's vow,

“ I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall the sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem.”

I belong to no political party nor, so far as I am aware, to any school of economics. I am just a plain Christian looking out on what I believe to be the needless limitations and sufferings of my fellows. I give, in these pages, my dreams of a better world and hope that, so far as they are based on the eternal facts of life, practical men will turn them into realities. Christ came that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. It is for the Church to see that they get it.

THOMAS TIPLADY.

Abbeville, France.

Onward! the march is onward!
Hark to the Captain's voice!
Onward the Church is marching!
Loudly the saints rejoice!
Never a look cast backward!
Never a traitor fear!
Always a smile for the weary mile,
And a song when the day is drear.

Onward against oppression!
Onward against the strong!
Never a truce with Satan!
Never a truce with wrong!
Never a halt for pleasure!
Never a halt for gain!
Advance to the fight in the cause of right,
For the Head of the Church must reign!

Onward! the march is onward!
Onward against the foe!
Till with our feet we trample
Evil and error low!
Over the field of conflict
Beating are angel wings,
As for the right and the truth we fight
In the ranks of the King of Kings.

Onward! the march is onward!
On through the blinding sand!
On to the Holy City!
On to our Captain's land!
Leaving behind forever
Error's wide sandy waste,
Over the gleam of the border stream
To the City of God we haste.

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I

PLOUGHSHARES FOR SWORDS

ON the Sunday following the declaration of the Armistice I was preaching in a French theatre crowded with soldiers, and I put this question to them: "Now that the War is over, what are you going to do with your swords? Are you going to put them back in their scabbards to rust, or are you going to find a new use for them? During four years of war you have used them gallantly and brought to the dust a great tyranny that was threatening the civilization and freedom of mankind. Like David, you have slain your giant and, with his own sword, you have cut off his head—you, shepherd-boys, shop-boys and miners unused to arms. But what now? What are you going to do with your swords? What is your purpose for the future? The night of war is passing. The dawn of peace is breaking. What of the new day? After you have turned the devil out of a house are

you going to leave it swept and garnished for a legion of new devils to come in, or are you going to fill the emptied house with angels? When the evicted devil has recovered his breath, and thinks that the storm has blown over, he will come softly back, with a legion of other devils, to peep through the window and try the door, to see if the way is clear for him to enter again. Shall he find shining angels in the house to drive him back into the abyss with all his troop, or shall he enter and make it his abode once more? You have, with your swords, been cutting down and raking out the thistles and weeds which had grown up in the fields of mankind. Are you now going to take your ease and let fresh weeds grow up, or are you going to beat your swords into ploughshares, break up the soil, and sow corn? There is only one way of keeping a garden free from weeds, and that is to plant a flower wherever you pluck a weed. If flowers cover every available inch of ground there will neither be room nor nourishment left for weeds. What is to be your choice? Flowers or weeds? Shining ploughshares and pruning hooks, or rusting swords and spears? "

This is a question which the Church ought

to put to the world that has been at war. The danger of the nations falling back into ease and selfishness is grave. A few days before the Armistice a friend of mine asked a hard-worked nurse what she was going to do when the War was over. "Oh," she replied, "when the War is over I am going to bed for a year." "And what are *you* going to do?" he asked a doctor standing by. "Oh," he replied, "I am going to do nothing, nothing, nothing at all. I've done enough during the War to last me the rest of my lifetime." This attitude towards the future is widely prevalent. If we are not on our guard the souls of men will fall asleep and, like Rip van Winkle, remain asleep for a generation or more. It is the temptation that assails men after every great struggle.

In his tales of Old Greece, Sir G. W. Cox relates that when the hosts of Agamemnon had accomplished the doom of Paris, and given the city of Ilion to fire and sword, Odysseus gathered his men together that he might take them back to their home at Ithaka. As they were about to launch their ship, Odysseus said to them: "Ten years have they mourned for us at home; and we, who set out for Ilion in the vigor of our manhood, go back now with gray hairs, or

bowed down with our weary labour. Yet faint not, O friends, neither be dismayed. Think how they wait and long for you still at home, and as we go from land to land in our voyage to rocky Ithaka, let not weariness weigh down your hearts, or things fair and beautiful lead you to seek for rest, till our ships are moored in the haven which we left ten years ago."

But they were driven out of their course, and came to a strange country which was fair and beautiful beyond all lands that they had known. It was a land of sleep and pleasant dreamings. They were welcomed by the inhabitants to a banquet under the palm trees. "Eat!" said the beautiful maidens, "eat, O strangers, of the fruit which kills pain! Surely ye are weary and your hearts are faint with sorrow, and your eyes are dim as with many tears. Eat of our fruit and forget your labours; for all who eat of it remember no more weary toil and strife and war."

As they ate they fell into a sweet slumber and dreamed of beautiful maidens and ravishing music. "Here let us sit, and feast, and dream forever," they cried. Odysseus became alarmed. "Surely," he said, "some strange spell is on this fair land: almost

might I long to sit down and sleep on the shore forever, but Penelope waits for me in my home, and I cannot rest till I see her face once more."

Rousing himself, as if for battle, he went in search of his missing men and found them in a sweet dell eating the rich fruit of the lotos. "We have come," they cried to him as he drew near, "to the land of the Lotos-eaters: sit thou down with us and eat of their fruit, and forget all thy cares forever." On hearing this appeal, Odysseus hurried back to his ship to bring men to arrest them. "Heed not the people of the land," he said, "nor touch their rosy fruit. It were a shame for men who have fought at Ilion to slumber here like swine fattening for the slaughter."

The intoxicated men were bound and carried back to the ship. "Hasten, friends," commanded Odysseus, "hasten from this land of dreams. Hither come the Lotos-eaters, and their soft voices will beguile our hearts if we tarry longer, and they will tempt us to taste of their fruit: and then we shall seek no more to go back again to the land of toiling men."

The circumstances, and forms of expression, of life change, but the elements of

human nature do not change. That is why the writings of the Greek poets and the Hebrew prophets and apostles can never grow old or lose their vitality. The nations to-day are faced with exactly the same temptation that beset the Achaians. Scores of ages stretch between us and Odysseus, but they count for no more than scores of minutes. To humanity, as a whole, as to God, a thousand years are as a day, and a day is as a thousand years. Like the Achaians we have won the War, but we have yet to win our Peace. We have stormed the Rhine and wrought the doom of the Kaiser, but we have not got back to "the land of toiling men." We have not turned our "rocky Ithaka" into a garden of Eden. On our voyage from War to Peace we have been driven to the pleasant land of the Lotos-eaters. We are weary with fighting, and our hearts are broken with sorrow. The Lotos-eaters have come upon us in the hour of reaction when weakness follows strength, and the desire for luxury and ease comes upon the heels of hardship and perilous toil. They are singing in our ears and bidding us feast and forget. "Why go back," they chant, "to the land of toiling men? You have toiled enough and sor-

rowed enough. Take your ease, sleep, and forget. Eat of the fruit that kills pain."

The peril is great, for (to change the reference), already, Samson's head is on Delilah's lap. After his mighty exertions he is weary, and he listens, with a smile, as she croons to him of pleasure and ease. Her soft fingers play with his hair, and he is too tired and saddened to realize that she is feeling for his eyes and his strength that she may pluck them, and leave him helpless before his enemies.

If the world is to be saved from disaster, the Church must play the part of Odysseus. She must keep her own soul broad awake and stab the soul of the people awake. She must cry in the ears of our returning soldiers; "It were a shame for men who have fought in France and Flanders to slumber like swine fattening for the slaughter." She must teach them to master themselves as they have mastered the enemy, and to beat their swords into ploughshares that they may turn the rocky land which they left behind them into a garden of Eden planted with fruit trees and sown with corn and flowers, that they, for whom our dead have died, may live a richer and fuller life.

The War has left Northern France a

wilderness, but now that the Ravager has gone back to his lair, bleeding from a hundred wounds, security is established. The peasants are being demobilized and are beating their swords into ploughshares. They are going back to turn the wilderness into a garden. Like the phoenix from its ashes, new towns and villages will rise above the ruins of the old. The fields will again wave with golden corn, and life once more will be sweet and gracious. Even the silence caused by the unreturning dead will be broken by the voices of little children. But the peasants of Northern France are not the only people who will return to broken homes in the midst of a wilderness. We are all going back to a wilderness of social life, and to broken homes. France is a graveyard. To the care of the kindly French, we leave, in their last slumber, hundreds of thousands of our youngest and dearest. Can life ever be the same again? Shall we not "tread softly all our days"?

"I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milkin',
 Lasses a-liltin' before dawn o' day;
 But now they are moanin' on ilka green loan-
 ing—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede
 away."

The garden of life has become a wilderness. The flowers and the singing birds are gone. Think of the loss to life and literature caused by the death in battle of these millions of young men! Among them were saints like Donald Hankey and poets like Rupert Brooke. Songs will remain unsung, orations unspoken, paintings unfinished, inventions undiscovered, laughter unheard, love unrealized, children unborn. Is not our loss a call to regard the young life we still possess as sacred? The cradle must give us what the grave has stolen, and the school must restore what the trench has taken away. We can no longer let babies die for lack of care and nourishment, nor can we afford to let boys and girls grow up without culture.

The War has left us as poor in material things as in youthful human beings. With the birth-rate has gone down the production of goods, and with the destruction of youth has come the destruction of material. Concurrently we have lost in life and in material. In England, a sovereign will buy no more than half-a-sovereign would buy before the war. This is because the real wealth of the world has diminished. There is, in all countries, a shortage of coal

and corn, clothing and building material. Twenty millions of men have been taken away from the fields, mines and factories for four years. They have been consuming and destroying but not producing. They have consumed above the normal, but have produced much below the normal. Therefore the whole world has been impoverished. The garden has become a wilderness because the gardeners have been away using their ploughshares and pruning hooks as swords and spears. Now that the garden is safe we must get them back, and get back their ploughshares and pruning hooks. We must make up for the years of famine by producing more rapidly than ever we did before the war, and by distributing the produce more evenly. It is not the time for any to take their ease. All must work at something and work hard. He who eats of the lotos-fruit at such a time is a traitor to mankind.

Like the three Hebrew children, the nations have been cast into a burning fiery furnace. Six millions have perished in the flames. Some twenty millions have staggered out of the furnace blinded and scarred. Few can say that they have been in, and come out, without the whitening of

a hair. Millions of relatives have been compelled to look on at this awful conflagration, and have been broken in heart and health. Many have died. All this agony has been endured for us, and for future generations. Human life for which Christ died and for which these millions of soldiers have now died, should be forever after sacred to us. We ought to cease living for ourselves and live for mankind. All who have come out alive from this terrible war should regard themselves as dedicated to God and humanity.

We must now pass from destruction to construction. Revolution must give way to social evolution, and competition must yield place to coöperation. A moral equivalent must be found for war, and the mighty energies which have driven so furiously the car of Battle must be harnessed to the chariot of Peace. The power which has been used so terribly in the destruction of men must now be used gloriously in the saving of men who are near to perishing. The War was won by moral energy using material means for the carrying out of its purposes. If the moral power behind the War had been dissipated our material resources would also have been scattered, and the War lost. We

gathered our material together because the souls of the nations became as one. And if we are to win a peace in which life will be sweet and beautiful for all, we must conserve the moral energy which won the war and which is now in danger of being dissipated. The Church must save the world from the lotos-eaters, or we shall lose the Eden that is opening its gates to mankind.

II

A LEAGUE OF CHURCHES

THE Church is the body of Christ. It is the instrument which He has fashioned for the carrying out of His purposes. It is to Him what our bodies are to us. Our bodies are not we, and the Church is not Christ. We shall live on though our bodies die, and Christ would live on though the Church perished. Our bodies are the instruments through which we carry out the purposes of our minds. They are the habitations of our souls and when, through disease or old age, they become unfit for dwelling-places we forsake them. In like manner, Christ left the Jewish body with the parting words: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, ye shall not see Me henceforth"; He forsook the Jewish Church and formed the Christian Church to be His new body.

Through our bodies we hold contact with the world and come into relationship with our fellows. With his tongue the orator ex-

presses his ideals, and with his hands the painter expresses his vision of beauty. By means of the body the invisible is made visible, and the inmost soul of a man is expressed and communicated to others. If paralysis seizes the body the orator becomes dumb, and his thoughts and ideals are lost; the musician dies with all his music in him; and the painter's visions are buried with him in the grave. Great may be a man's soul but he cannot do a great work among his fellows unless his body has the capacity to carry out his will. The soul is dependent upon the body for the accomplishment of its purposes.

Suppose that President Wilson, David Lloyd George and Marshal Foch had been paralyzed in body? Could they have served mankind, and led us through war to a victorious peace? They would have been just as great in soul, but they would have been left without an instrument with which to work out their plans. They would have been souls in prison, and as helpless as Napoleon on St. Helena. Had Napoleon been born a paralytic the history of the world would have been written another way; had Lincoln been born deaf and dumb who can measure the effect it would

have had on American life? Suppose Columbus, Washington, Cromwell or Nelson had been born blind or Bismarck a deaf and dumb mute? Our world would not be, to-day, the same place. What the soul of man can accomplish on earth depends on the perfection of the body as an instrument for its expression. The body may help the soul or hinder it.

Now, the Church is the body of Christ. It may therefore help or hinder Him in the accomplishment of His purposes in the world. If it is blind, or deaf, or dumb, the progress of His kingdom will be retarded. If the Church is weak and ailing Christ's message will suffer as would the messages of Bright, Gladstone, Daniel Webster or Henry Ward Beecher had they been invalids. President Wilson has moved the world by his speeches because he has a healthy body in which brain, hand, and tongue work together, in perfect obedience to his will.

But what message has the Church given to the world during the War? Has its voice risen high and clear above the tumult of battle like Wilson's? Here in France, amid the shouts of warriors, we have heard the voice of Wilson, but we have not heard the voice of the Pope, the Archbishop of

Canterbury, or any leader of the American Churches. No voice has spoken with authority on behalf of the Church. For our prophets we have had to turn from ministers to laymen, and from bishops to statesmen. The spokesmen for Christianity have been Wilson and Lloyd George—Christian men and church members, but not the recognized spokesmen of the Church. There has been no voice at all which could be heard equally in Germany, Austria, Russia, France, England and America. Yet the Church is a mighty power in all these countries.

There has been no voice because there has been no unity in the Church. The body of Christ has been divided, and has therefore been unable to convey Christ's message with clearness. The Church leaders of Germany defended the Kaiser while the Archbishop of Canterbury denounced him, and the Pope sat on the fence. A united Church would have prevented the war, and a League of Nations is necessary to insure peace, simply because we have no League of Churches to do it. As we have had to find our prophets outside the ministry, so we have had to find our League of Peace outside the Church. This is part of the price we have to pay for the disunion of Christendom.

The Church is like a man whose hands are independent of his feet, and whose eyes have no connection with his ears or tongue. There is no nervous system to connect the various organs one with another. How can a man work with such a body? And how can Christ work through a Church divided against itself as we see it to-day?

The disunion of the Church may be explained, and weighty reasons be produced in its defense, just as a doctor can explain and excuse the nervous derangement of a patient. But the doctor does not pretend that the patient is in good health, whereas it is often pretended that, divisions notwithstanding, the Church is in a healthy condition, and that unity would be no real advantage. There are tremendous obstacles in the way of union, and much may be said for a further continuance of independent Churches. The schism in the body of Christ will be as difficult to cure as ataxia in the human body. It will need all our patience, delicacy and perseverance. But the case is not incurable, and the obstacles in the way do not justify our settling down to a contented continuance of present conditions.

The advantages of independence and isolation are not worth the price we are paying

for them. In the face of Germany's preparation for war, England had to give up her policy of "splendid isolation," and unite with France and Russia. Even America had to give up her historic attitude of non-intervention in European affairs; and some of us have lived to see a vast American army in France. The world has at once enlarged and contracted, and we have been compelled to unite one with another for the common good. Our national dogmas collapsed under the weight of facts. This union of nations has not come as a result of arguments. Anything can be proved by arguments as by figures. Put up two equally clever men to debate such a question *pro* and *con* and the result is a draw; nothing happens. It was the death of 6,000,000 men on the battlefields of Europe that brought the League of Nations. These dead men told us a tale more convincing than any argument. The nations knew that they must unite or perish. The same alternative faces the Churches, but, like the nations before the War, they are waiting for some terrible catastrophe to happen before they will come to a decision. They are like doctors letting a patient die while they discuss the specific medicine to be given him. Yet the Great Physician has

shown that there is only one medicine necessary to the disordered Church, and that is Love.

There were difficulties in the way of a League of Nations, but they were overcome because there was the will to unite. It is the will that matters. Such a League was impossible before the War merely because there was no will to union. If the Churches were determined to unite, all difficulties in the way of union would vanish. We are held up by obstacles merely because we do not realize how supreme is the necessity for overcoming them. We witnessed a similar state of things in France over the question of unity of command. The French, English and American armies were entrenched on the French front. Each had its own Commander-in-Chief, and each drew up its own plan of battle. The commanders consulted one another but no one had authority over the rest. The result was that, despite our potential superiority, we were losing the War. There were arguments for and against unity of command, and Governments were divided in opinion. The obstacles, national and military, were considered insuperable, and the war dragged on under divided authority. The result was disaster

and the unnecessary death of thousands of men. The Germans broke through our lines in the spring of 1918, and our defeat seemed imminent. It was no longer a time for argument but for the facing of supreme facts; and Lloyd George was enabled, despite continued opposition, to establish unity of command. Like mist before the morning sun, the obstacles, foreseen by pessimists and interested persons, vanished. The new arrangement worked with perfect smoothness. The tide of battle turned, and, before the leaves fell from the trees, the war was won. Unity of command gave Haig and Pershing their chance as truly as it gave Foch his, and for the first time, the generals and soldiers of the Allied armies had an opportunity of proving their mettle. But why cannot we learn our lessons from the kindly teacher Imagination, instead of waiting until the stern tutor Disaster is sent to whip wisdom into us? Must the rod always be necessary to our education?

The Church, to-day, is losing the war with the World because it has no unity of command. It is fighting as a hundred armies instead of closing its ranks and fighting as one. It has no real strategy, and no direction. One Church does not know what an-

other is doing. There is rivalry and jealousy between the various Churches. Each claims to be the true Church and declares the others to be schismatic. Each claims to be "it," and flaunts its ecclesiastical feathers with the pride of a peacock. The fact is, we are all schismatic, for one Church is just as much opposed to union as another. The last to unite is as guilty as the first to break away. In every secession there have been faults on both sides, and faults on *all* sides are preventing union to-day. While we are calling one another names, and apportioning blame, we are being beaten in detail, as Napoleon beat the Austrians, and as the Kaiser was, at one time, beating the Allies.

There was no authoritative voice heard during the War, we repeat, and now that we are entering upon the even more difficult period of Peace, there is still no voice to guide us. We are a rabble instead of an army—Children of Israel without a Moses. The Wilderness is before us, Canaan far ahead of us; while the Hittites, Philistines and other hostile tribes are waiting in their walled cities to oppose our entrance to the Promised Land.

III

CHURCH UNION BY EASY STAGES

I WANT to say plainly that we, who have been through the war as chaplains, do not stand to-day where we did on the question of Church Union. And we are not coming back home to settle down contentedly before the spectacle of a Church split into fragments. To us the present state of the Church of Christ appears as pathetic as that of the ruined cathedrals and churches on the devastated battle-fields of France. We see what the Church ought to be, and we are not content with what it is. We have caught a vision of a united Christendom. It is far off, just above the horizon, but shining on the eyes like a first sight of Jerusalem. By work and patience we must make the vision a reality. Out of his heart and brain Sir Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral, and, finally, all men saw expressed in brick and stone the vision which, in the beginning, had been seen only by one. Many of us have seen, afar off, the new Cathedral for Humanity, and some day all men shall see it and worship within its walls. We long to see one universal Church

of Christ which shall include all races, and preserve all that is best in all the Churches of the present day.

This cannot come in a day because the mass of Christians are content with things as they are, or else want their own Church to absorb the other Churches with the thoroughness with which Pharaoh's lean kine ate up the fat. A union of the Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Protestant Churches is, as yet, a mere dream—though it must not be forgotten that dreams are the stuff out of which realities are made. Railways, electric cars, aeroplanes and wireless until they became dreams had they any chance of becoming realities? Every dream has some correspondence with reality, and we are on solid ground when we pray, with Christ, that the Churches may all be one. It is the known will of God, and, as soon as it becomes the will of men, there will be one fold and one Shepherd.

But the time is not yet. The Roman Catholic and the Protestant Churches, for example, are at daggers drawn. Neither will sheathe its weapon and hold out the hand of friendship to the other. Each stands defiant and suspicious, glaring at the other. Each feels self-sufficient and will neither give

nor receive from the other. One sometimes wonders what God thinks of the spectacle? If one imagines how a mother feels when two of her sons are at enmity, one may perhaps enter somewhat into the feelings of God as He looks down at His warring Churches. Seeing we shall all have to live peaceably together in heaven, it would seem wise, at least, to make an attempt to do so here on earth. And in all matters of private religion we teach that our life on earth is a preparation for our life in heaven. But facts are facts, even when unpleasant, and it seems as though we must face the New Era with the old divide between Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches still unbridged.

But is it necessary that we should begin the new day with the Protestant Church divided against itself? If the French, British and American armies could unite for victory under the supreme command of Marshal Foch, is it too much to expect that all Protestants rally for victory under one flag? We have all one aim, and, in the fundamentals, we have all one faith. We are united on all the great things, whether in faith or morals, and we are only divided in the things which, by comparison, are small

and unimportant. We have, however, kept our minds on the little things that divide us, and have forgotten the great things that unite us. It is a matter of perspective. A football near at hand looks bigger than a star afar off, even though the star be a million times bigger than the earth.

I am a Wesleyan Methodist, but when I was sent to the Front, I was put in spiritual charge of all the Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians of a brigade. I was chaplain over men of seven distinct churches, and, unofficially, I looked after the Salvationists. On every occasion I preached to these soldiers as I thought best for their souls, and for the duties they had to perform. I surrendered none of my views as a Methodist; but felt as free as if I were in my own pulpit at home. Yet, because I kept to the fundamentals of Christianity, which were what men facing death needed, my preaching was as acceptable to Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians as to Methodists; and, at the voluntary evening services, we always had with us a few members of the Church of England who evidently found our doctrines to agree with their own. Like the seamless robe of Christ, the great body of the Churches' doc-

trine is one. It is only when we come to the fringes that the threads of faith part company. And only those who live on the fringes of Christianity find pleasure in the divisions of the Church. After our services, I was often asked of what Church I was a member. For the men could not see any real difference between my preaching and that which they received from their own pastors at home. If they wanted to know *what* I was they had to ask.

Shortly after the signing of the armistice I was preaching weekly at a French theatre to men of every Protestant "persuasion." Sometimes the soldiers discussed among themselves what denomination I have my membership in. Some said I was a Methodist, others a Congregationalist, and, if only I had a Scotch accent, I should probably have been put down by some as a Presbyterian; to solve the riddle, they came and asked me. The fact is, I preached, not as a Methodist or Baptist, but simply as a Christian, and, because, on the fundamentals, all the Protestant Churches believe alike; each soldier thought that I must be a member of his own Church. Each heard the Gospel in the ecclesiastical language wherein he was born. Here we were worshiping together amid the

strain and exile of war-time in France. We were perfectly content with one another, and with a common form of worship. We could go on forever in the same way.

And yet, as soon as Peace is proclaimed and we go home, we shall all be marched off to our different denominations and worship together no more until we reach heaven. Why should this be? Why not have one Church for all Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians? Why should we have to go back to our littlenesses and our petty differences and distinctions? Why not live at the heart of Christianity instead of at the finger-tips? On one occasion, two women—in the “Waacs” unit of the army—came to one of my colleagues and said: “We have been attending your services, and we find that you meet our needs, so we have decided that, after the War, we shall join one of your Nonconformist Churches. You give us ideals, and ideals are what we want. You instruct us in the way of living and that is what we need. We are going to join you.”

“Well,” answered the chaplain, “which Church do you intend to join?—Baptist, Congregationalist, or one of the Methodist Churches?”

“That is just our difficulty,” they replied, “we cannot see any difference between one and the other. What difference is there? Why aren’t you all one in England as you are out here?”

Why? If we were all one, what a mighty moral and spiritual force we should be in the land! Christ would then have an organ through which He could speak to the nation. If such a union were to take place it would prepare the way for a still further union of Churches. I refer now to union with the Church of England. Such a union will be more difficult to bring about, but the War has brought it decidedly nearer.

On Armistice Sunday, members of the Church of England united with the Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists in a General Thanksgiving service. On one occasion I was even asked to administer the wine at Holy Communion in a Church of England service, and it was a great pleasure to accept the invitation. High Churchmen desire union because they passionately yearn for one holy Catholic Church. And Low Churchmen long for union because, in doctrine, they are almost at one with their Nonconformist brethren.

The churchmen I have spoken with on the

subject do not, by union, mean absorption. They hold that there will always be two poles to religion—a North and a South, with the majority of men dwelling in the temperate zone. Some men are most helped by the sacramental view of religion, and so the Church needs the priest, and churches where the sacrament is frequently administered. Other men are most helped by the prophetic and inspirational element in religion, and so the Church needs the preacher, or prophet, and churches where the sermon dominates the service. At present the priestly element is supreme in the Church of England, and the preaching element in the Nonconformist Churches. Neither the Church of England nor the Nonconformist Churches provide both kinds of worship. Children often find themselves born into the wrong Church. As they grow up they find themselves out of harmony with it. They cannot change their nature nor alter their own Church. Some tolerate their own service; others abandon religion altogether, under the impression that they must be void of religious feeling; and others leave the Church of their childhood and join one at the opposite pole.

This severance is painful and often results in domestic friction. But if union came this

would be unnecessary. There would be in the ministry a priestly order and a preaching order. The churches and chapels would remain as now, and people would be able to choose the form of service which helped them most. Some would attend both Church and Chapel. They would go in the morning to the ornate service and in the evening to the simple, preaching service. The Church would have Unity with variety of service. We should all remain members of one family while cultivating our natural differences of taste.

That there are great obstacles in the way of such a union of the Protestant Churches is obvious, but many of them are due to pride, narrowness and uncharitableness. Laymen are more ready to unite than clergy and ministers; and, in the army, nothing has done so much harm to religion as the intolerance which some chaplains have shown towards members of other Churches. A little love, a little patience, and a little imagination would work wonders. When I first went to France, I had almost a loathing for Roman Catholic priests—of course, I had never known one intimately, for “the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.” I only knew them as described in Protestant

literature and speeches. I expected to find them cunning, unprincipled, and ever ready to pervert men's minds if only, by so doing, they could win a convert to Rome. But, for months, I lived with a Roman Catholic chaplain at the Front. We shared room or dug-out, visited the advanced dressing stations together, and went together to bury our dead. We became fast friends; and I was filled with respect for my fellow-padre's integrity. He watched over his own flock unceasingly, but he never tried to shake the faith of a Protestant, never so much as discussed the points on which we differed. To shake the faith of a man facing death he regarded as a sin of deepest dye. Protestant or Roman Catholic, the soldier was a Christian, and my friend wished him to go to his death in the faith in which he had lived.

There are two sections in the Chaplains' Department of the British Army. One consists of the Church of England only. The other embraces Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists. The Principal Chaplain of this latter section was an Irish Presbyterian, while his Chief of Staff was a Roman Catholic. In each division and area we have a senior chaplain; and he may be either a

Roman Catholic or a Nonconformist. There are therefore Baptists and Methodists working under Roman Catholics, and Roman Catholics working under Baptists or Methodists. This arrangement was made purely for *administrative* purposes. The Roman Catholics and Nonconformists have never held united services. When this arrangement was first made, it was generally believed that the scheme would break down. It was considered impossible for Roman Catholics and Nonconformists to work together. But the pessimists were at fault. The scheme has worked perfectly for over two years, and no one would now dream of abandoning it. We found it quite easy to work together. We were brought into intimacy, and that was all that was necessary to make us respect and love one another.

This discovery of one another is bound to have a profound influence on the future. Extremes have met. Bitter enemies have become friends. Much of the distrust which has embittered religious life will pass away. And it is time. For centuries Protestants and Roman Catholics have been libelling one another, with the best conscience in the world, and under the impression that they

were doing God service. We have been searching in the gutters of history for dirty things to fling at one another. There is hope now that this un-Christian practice will stop. We shall cease throwing the sins of the fathers in the teeth of their children, and make each generation responsible for its own deeds and for those alone. Two of my senior chaplains have been Roman Catholics—one a professor from a Theological College, and the other a Jesuit. Both are men of the strictest integrity and honour. They are both saints and gentlemen. And I cannot but bless a Church that produces such men. It may have produced men of a very different type also—but the same is true of every Church and of every human society. I must be permitted to speak of those who have come under my own notice. I am tired of the lies called history. History depends on the historian, and he can make isolated facts lie like figures. Once a generation is dead, its spirit and atmosphere are rarely recaptured and confined in books.

To meet the demands of the New Era, the Protestant Churches ought to become one, while Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, alike, ought to cultivate trust in place of suspicion and love instead of hatred.

When the devil, Suspicion, takes possession of the heart, he hypnotizes the judgment, and we can be made to believe the wildest stories against our neighbours without a particle of evidence to support them. When "The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk" were published they were immediately accepted as authentic by thousands of Protestants. Later, however, Maria Monk was found to be a criminal and in jail. There she confessed that her disclosures were a lie, yet the lie was never quite overtaken by the truth, and some years ago I myself read the wretched book under the impression that it was autobiography and not fiction. It is a notable example of the blinding effect of suspicion. Had such a book been written against Protestants it would have been accepted as credulously by Roman Catholics, for, in this matter of suspicion, there is nothing to choose between us. There are six of one and half a dozen of the other. To sow this distrust between Churches is even more wicked than to sow it between nations. We are all Christians, and if God holds the Protestant Church to His heart with the left arm, it is as equally certain that He holds the Roman Catholic Church to His heart with the right.

IV

THE TEST OF A CHRISTIAN

WHAT is to be the Church's test of a Christian in the New Age? At present, the test in most Churches is attendance at Holy Communion. In some it is a confession of faith in Christ. If a man attends the services of the Church and professes faith in Christ, he is accepted as a member of the Church. What an easy test for a follower of Christ! So long as he meets this test and does not commit fornication, or come into the law-courts, he is sure of his place in the Church. No one will turn him out. He may be mean and miserly. He may grind the faces of the poor. He may be uncharitable and bear ill-will towards others. He may back-bite, say nasty things about his neighbours, and be a storm-centre in the Church. He may be censorious and self-righteous. He may never give a penny to the poor, and never pay a visit to the sick or sorrowful; and yet he is sure of his place in the Church. I have never known a man's name struck off the Church roll for any of these things. These are the respectable sins that do not come into the

police-court, and the Church, while it condemns them, tolerates the doers.

But if a man commits adultery, gets drunk, or steals (as defined by the law), we turn him out of the Church; for these are police-court sins and endanger the good name of the Church. The result of this attitude is apparent. It has made Church membership the badge of respectability. It has encouraged certain types of man to use the Church as a stepping-stone to positions of influence and profit. If a man seeks a position in business, Parliament or Congress, his membership of a Church is accepted as a guarantee of his respectability. His membership ticket is to him what a domestic servant's character-reference is to her. Nowadays, respectability is the only thing that Church membership really does assure us of in regard to a man. He may be more than respectable, or he may not, but he is certainly respectable. But wherever the Church has been a real live force, and carrying out the teaching of the Gospels, it has never been respectable; for respectability is the world's test for a man and not the Church's.

It was not respectable to be a Christian in the time of St. Paul. The early Christians were regarded as the off-scourings of

the world. It is respectable to be a Methodist now that the consuming passion for the welfare of men's bodies and souls has died down. But it was not respectable in Wesley's time. One has but to read the novels of Charles Dickens, George Eliot or Charlotte Brontë to realize what supercilious scorn was poured on our grandfathers. Happily, it ran off them like water from a duck's back. Even the Salvation Army has become respectable, now that it is losing something of the enthusiasm which its love for the souls of men gave it in the early days. It is no longer pelted through the streets with brick-bats and rotten eggs as in the days of its founder. It is respectable now—and ignored. With attendance at Holy Communion or Divine Worship for a test, it is easy to be a Christian. It costs nothing. And it pays well those whose success in life depends on public opinion.

Unintentionally, but none the less indisputably, our test encourages hypocrites to enter the Church. This is so far the case that hypocrisy has come to be looked upon as an almost exclusively religious vice. But hypocrisy has no more to do with religion than with politics or business. There are hypocrites in every department of life.

There is quite as much hypocrisy in politics and business as in religion. Are the goods you buy at a store always like the descriptions given in the advertisements? Or do the politicians keep, or intend to keep, all the promises they make at election times? Are they the noble-souled reformers they profess to be? In Society we see people making a pretense to wealth they do not possess. We see their carriages and outward show but we should often be surprised if we could see their kitchens, or the frugal meals they have served to them when they dine alone. Others procure titles and boast of their lineage; but they do not care for you to search too far back into their family history lest a working-woman's bonnet peep out instead of a coronet. Hypocrisy, or pretense, is not a monopoly of the Church. It is common to human nature. It is a weakness we are all prone to, and perhaps all more or less guilty of, at one time or another, and in one thing or another.

But the Church has laid itself open to the charge of hypocrisy by the undue stress which it has laid on respectability. Instead of climbing the Mount with Moses to worship God and learn His commandments, it has stayed in the valley, with Aaron, to wor-

ship the golden calf of Respectability which it has made out of its bracelets and ear-rings. The language of the pulpit, the dress in which we worship, and the standard of life we hold before the people, are all eminently respectable. We are becoming dandies in religion instead of saints.

Before the War our religion was fast degenerating into a religion of "don'ts"—things "not done" and "bad form" to do. It reminded me continually of a book of etiquette published in England under the title: "Don'ts—Advice on how to behave in good Society." We were living on the mere fringe of religion. A nice white cloth was thrown over Christianity as a surplice is thrown over a preacher and the one was made to look as respectable as the other. How many sermons there were filled with such advice as this—don't drink, don't swear, don't gamble, and don't waste your time and money on frivolities! Yet a man might abstain from all these things and still be an atheist or a miser. In fact, a miser could support most of this advice on the ground that it would save money. The advice is good, but what of it? It is but the bloom on the peach. It is not a thing to be put on from the outside, but should grow from the

inside, and come last, not first. The roots of the tree are the gardener's care. When we have obeyed all these prohibitions what miles we still are from the Christian religion! Yet how respectable! But was Christ ever considered respectable? Was He not called a wine-bibber and the friend of publicans and sinners? Was He not constantly shocking the Pharisees' sense of propriety? We tell men that, on becoming Christians, they must give up the world. But what do we mean by the world? In many cases, we mean the surface pleasures of life. We do not mean fame, wealth, position, and the using of our talents in our own interests. We give up the world as Saul slew the Amalekites—by keeping the best back. We slay the camp-follower but spare the king. We do not give up the world as St. Paul or St. Francis of Assisi gave it up. It is seldom, for instance, that a man loses financially by becoming a Christian. We have a way of making the best of both worlds, but this savours more of the Old Testament than the New. The early Christians seem to have been content with Christ's promise, "Thou shalt have treasure in heaven," and to have had little of this world's goods and favours.

Sometimes, when I read a Gospel through at a sitting, I wonder by what right I call myself a Christian? Modern conventional Christianity may be better or worse, but it seems to be scarcely the same thing as the Christianity of Christ and His earliest disciples. The present may be a normal development of the past, but the likeness is not easy to see. Perhaps it is only the difference between the flower of a plant and the root, but one is a little afraid, at times, that the flower is artificial, and that it has been stuck on the plant with a pin from the hand of Mr. Worldly Wiseman. Napoleon made terms with the Pope because he believed religion would supply him with rivets that would make his throne secure. One feels, sometimes, that much of present-day Christianity is a similar compromise between the Church and the World. Christianity has more to fear from the world's patronage than from its persecution. The cat captures the mouse, then plays with it, and, finally, swallows it.

To detect the corruptions of time, and of contact with the world, we must judge present-day religion in the light of the Gospels. We must go back to the sources. In his ode, "Intimations of Immortality from Recollec-

tions of Early Childhood," Wordsworth describes how the light which was about him in youth gradually faded as he drew near to manhood. Shades of the prison-house began to close upon the growing boy. Only by continually returning to the pure light of the Gospels can the Church, as it grows older, avoid experiencing a similar loss of light. There is danger lest the vision splendid should

"die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

There is one unchanging test of a Christian, and it is well expressed by Whittier :

"We test our lives by Thine."

Christ, who was rich, for our sakes became poor. He emptied Himself that our lives might be filled. He came not to be ministered unto but to minister. He spent Himself among the poor, sick, blind and sinful. He healed the diseased by letting virtue go out of Him, as a man allows blood to be taken from him to fill the veins of a wounded soldier. To the rich young ruler, He said, "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and, come, follow Me." And His disciples could say, "We have left all and followed Thee." This kind of life seems a hard test

for a Christian brought up to measure himself by the Church's test. But is there any other? It is certain that the Church's test will not be Christ's test at the Judgment Day. We shall not be asked if we attended Holy Communion—that is our privilege—nor if we believed in Christ—that is our joy. We shall be asked for the proofs of our faith in Christ. The Lord's Supper commemorates His love and sacrifice. Have we loved and sacrificed? It is this that we have to do in remembrance of Him. Our faith in Him we must prove by our works. That we have called Him, "Lord, Lord," is nothing. He will ask us to bring forward the naked that we have clothed. He will not open the Church attendance book, nor submit theological questions to us. His test is simplicity itself, but it is terribly searching. I give it in its fullness, for it ought to be painted over every Communion Table and on every Christian memory:

“When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: And before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats;

And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: Naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.' Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, 'Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, and fed Thee? or thirsty and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and clothed Thee? Or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee?' And the King shall answer and say unto them, 'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was an hungered and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in: naked, and ye clothed Me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not.' Then shall they also answer Him, saying, 'Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered,

or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee?' Then shall He answer them, saying, 'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.' And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

How paltry and false all our Church tests appear beside this tremendous test, and how lightly have we taken upon ourselves the sacred name of Christian!

He tests our lives by His! St. Francis will pass the test. Dr. Barnardo will pass. S. H. Hadley, of Water Street, will pass. David Livingstone will pass. The unselfish mothers who risked their lives to give us birth, and lavished their love and service upon us—they will pass. The test is positive, not negative. "This *do* and thou shalt live." Christ shows us only one path along which we shall find eternal life,—“Thou shalt love . . . thy God . . . and thy neighbor.” Loving, not respectability, attendance at Holy Communion, or the giving up of surface pleasures, is the test of a Christian. “God is love”; and the Christian must be love. It is easy to abstain from drinking,

gambling and swearing, but it is not easy to love. No one has known agony who has not known love. Love is the slow crucifixion of self; and it goes on sometimes to the singing of larks in the sunshine, and sometimes to the hooting of owls in the darkness. Loving cost God His only begotten Son. It cost Christ His life. And what a price a mother pays for loving! What a price we all pay! Yet "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Let the Church of the New Era leave its mean tests and get back to Christ. Its work is to educate us so that we may pass the great examination before Christ as scholars at the end of a school term. The sample examination papers the Church has been giving us are misleading. They are not the ones to be used at the great day. The questions are not to be intellectual or theological, but moral, and social, and they are to be answered with a plain "yes" or "no." The Examiner will ask, "How did you treat your neighbour? Well or ill? He was hungry, did you feed him? Naked, did you clothe him? Sick, did you visit him? I loved you. Did you love him?" The great command which the Church must pass on to each of its members is this: "*Thou shalt love.*"

V

THE CHURCH AND INDUSTRY

THE New Era will be the great age of commerce. Wealth will multiply, and the majority of men and women will be engaged in some form of business. What message is the Church going to give to the business world? Are we to have industrial strife through lack of guidance, or are our feet to be led into the way of peace?

Once, in the dark of night, the disciples were caught in a storm, and despite their most frenzied efforts, they could make no headway. The winds were contrary and the waves unmanageable. But as the rowers hopelessly struggled on, Christ came to them walking on the water, and, as He entered the boat, He bade the winds and the waves be still. And there was a great calm. The disciples were able to row their boat into the haven where they would be. Christ in the business boat is the great need of the

age. Masters and men, like winds and waves, are sometimes contrary and rage at one another until He stills them. Unless we make room for Him society will be as helpless and storm-tossed as the disciples on the Galilean Sea.

Why are so many people ashamed of any connection with business? In England, it is a common thing for a family which has made a fortune in business—say cotton or jam—to retire and, by buying a large estate in some distant part of the country, try to cover up its tracks. The family tries to forget how its money was made, and attempts to keep it a secret from others. Why?

I could mention the name of a man who made a million pounds out of coal. He then bought a great estate hundreds of miles away from his coal mines, became a peer, in the mysterious way men do become peers in England nowadays, and tried to camouflage the fact that his money had been made in business. Why is he ashamed of his business? He has surely been a benefactor to the race, for he has filled thousands of household grates with coal, and supplied energy for steamships, trains and workshops. He is ashamed of business because he has engaged in mining not to fill households with warmth,

but simply to fill his own purse with money. He was a mean man in business, impelled by mean motives, and as a consequence his life's work has been a mean thing. He now lives in a palace, but his workmen are still living in hovels. Master and workmen have not risen together. The prosperity of his business has brought his workmen no benefit. Every increase in wages has been wrung from him by the threat of a strike; and he has made no attempt to improve his workmen's housing accommodation, nor give them a garden city.

He has carried his mean spirit into the country. He declines to make any improvement in the cottage-property on the estate. He lets the houses fall into ruin, and then sends the sanitary inspector to condemn them as unfit for habitation. The cottagers are turned out, and the houses demolished. This is his deliberate policy. He wants the whole countryside to himself that he may "dwell alone in the land." He would rather see deer and pheasants about him than the faces of little children and the dear old folk of the country. People who have lived in the same cottage for a lifetime, and whose most sacred memories cling to its walls like ivy, have been turned out in their old age,

and have told me, with tears in their eyes, that they knew not where to go. They were like old trees that could not bear transplanting. The landowner's heart is as hard and cold as his gold, and his grasp greedy as a miser's. While this selfish spirit animates him, how can a man's business be anything else than a mean thing? He will retire from it, and try to forget it, as a murderer runs from his crime, trying the while to forget the last sight of the man he has slain. He will carry away from business no sweet memories, and no sense of benefits conferred on others. He will receive neither love nor respect from his workmen, and will experience none of the joy of comradeship. He will naturally feel that business is a dirty thing, and money but filthy lucre. The hovels of his workmen will haunt him like ghosts, and his pit-shafts will seem to rise out of hell. He will therefore get himself a home far away, only to find that travelling does not take a man any farther away from himself or his memories.

Money is not "filthy lucre" except to men whose hands are filthy. "To the pure all things are pure." Money was not filthy in the hands of Wesley, General Booth, Dr. Barnardo or George Müller. It is not filthy

lucre in the hands of the Red Cross or Missionary Societies. The first wage a lad puts in the hands of his tired mother is not filthy, but is washed clean in the river that makes glad the city of God. It is as undefiled as the white-robed throng in heaven. We are told that the streets of heaven, and the harps of angels, are of gold. Where hearts are pure, and hands clean, gold is pure. It is filthy lucre only where men are filthy-minded and dirty-handed.

Business is not a mean thing except to mean men. Christ Himself went into business as a carpenter, and His work became as noble as Himself. Work is an expression of personality. It is high or low as the man is noble or mean. When Mr. Chamberlain accepted the Secretaryship of the British Colonial Office politicians were surprised. It seemed a mean office for so great a man, but when, at last, he vacated the post, it had so risen in popular estimation that it was considered a worthy office for the greatest of statesmen. The man made the office, not the office the man. No necessary employment of man can, in itself, be considered common or unclean; otherwise, Providence is at fault. Common men make common all they touch, and the unclean dirty all they handle. But

great men exalt the humblest tasks, just as sculptors turn rude blocks of marble into beautiful figures that seem to breathe.

Literature is a noble thing, but there are men and women who have polluted its waters. They have waded in the stream with feet as dirty as swine. Painting is a noble art, but there are those who have merely used their canvases to reproduce the lascivious pictures hanging on the walls of their hearts. What can be nobler than poetry or music? Yet each of these arts has been degraded by men of degraded minds. The practice of law is a noble profession when used in the defense of truth and justice, but there are lawyers who have abused their opportunities and deserve to be in the dock with felons. The profession of arms is accounted honourable only because of its high code of honour and chivalry. It might have been a profession for cut-throats and looters. The profession of medicine is held in honour because of the unselfishness of those who practice it. The doctor cares more for his patients than his fees. It might have been a profession for poisoners, and men who would use their knowledge to extort vast sums of money from the sick and dying.

No necessary trade or profession is good or bad, noble or mean, in itself. It is made noble by good men, or mean by ignoble men. After a time it makes a reputation, and hands down a tradition. If the tradition is noble, good men seek to enter the trade or profession, but if the tradition is bad it is left to bad men. Every necessary occupation may be honorable or dishonorable. It depends on the heart from which it springs. Dirty men will soil even an angel's wing if they handle it, and clean men will make even a pigsty pure. I have seen pigs almost as white as swans as they lay in their duck-boarded pens. What the reputation of business will be in a hundred years depends on the men engaged in business to-day. If they make it noble the best young men of succeeding generations will enter it, and the standard will be carried higher with the passing years. Men are ashamed of business, and there is everywhere industrial unrest, simply because they have gone into business without any loftiness of ideal. When a man has driven a hard bargain, or gained an unfair advantage, he excuses himself by repeating the proverb, "Business is business." But such conduct is *not* business. It is a form of robbery, and ought to be

called such. The fact that it is called "business" by some business men shows how low their standard of business is. Very many of our business men scorn crooked ways, and we should never talk as if the dishonest ones held the field. While evil things may, in common conversation, be called business, men will never take pride in being business men. The Church has often shown Christ on the Cross but it has seldom shown Christ at the carpenter's bench.

People ask, "Can a business man be a Christian?" It depends on the Christian, not on the business; the man makes the business, not the business the man. If Christ were on every corporation board of directors, and a member of every business staff, the question would never be asked. We can be Christians in business if we go to business as Christians, but not unless. In, perhaps, the majority of cases, the master goes to his office merely to make profits, and the workman enters the factory merely to get a wage. Neither master nor man would go to business if he could make as much money by staying at home. He goes to make money, not to do Christian service. To each the business house is a prison and the task hard labour. As each makes money his chief aim,

there is a constant squabble over the division of profits.

Masters and men regard one another as enemies rather than as comrades, and each is afraid of yielding an advantage to the other. The master calls the workman a "hand." The man's hand is all that he wants or cares about. I have seen masters advertising on their factory doors for "hands," not for workmen. Such a notice reveals the utter absence of ideals characteristic of many factories. On the other side, the workman regards his master as a "mouth" that devours all the fruits of his labour, and leaves him and his children to starve. His eye is not on his work but on the "mouth." He watches it with envy and strives to prevent it eating too much. While a master regards his workman as a "hand" and the workman considers his master a "mouth" there can be no health in industry.

The Church will never bring peace to the industrial world by meddling with rates of wages and hours of labour. This is merely lopping off the branches. It must strike at the root of the evil. It must take away gold as the main objective of masters and men, and put in its place an ideal. It must give

business men a nobler target to fire at, and the rifle will be adjusted by those who use it. An artist needs money as much as a business man, but he would be ruined if he made it his chief aim. It must ever be to him a by-product. Not gold, but a vision of the ideal must be his lodestar. He hitches his wagon to a star, not to a gold nugget. The business world will be saved only when it catches a glimpse of the Star of Bethlehem and follows after it as the Wise Men did.

The war has revealed the vast, but latent, store of goodness in human nature. Class has vied with class in unselfishness and heroic endeavour, and no class has been more to the fore than those engaged in business and industry. Rich and poor have stood together in the deadly trench, and have sacrificed themselves for the common good. We have seen this remarkable outburst of unselfishness because, in place of gold and material prosperity, men had set before them an ideal worthy of the best that was in them. They were marching towards the sun-rising. This ideal made them feel that they were men—not “hands” or “mouths”—and that they had men’s work to do. Now the soldiers are going back to the old task of money-getting, and feel that they are stepping down to a

lower plane of life. But why should they step down? If entered upon with the same ideal, the Peace will be more pure than the War, and the manufacture of goods more noble than the slaughter of men. The war would have been wholesale murder but for the ideal for which our men fought, and for which they were ready to suffer and die. Their ideal was the good of humanity, and if, instead of leaving the ideal like a broken crucifix on the battle-field, they will bring it back with them into business, the whole aspect of life will be changed. If the world is to be saved from the tyrannies and injustices that prevail in peace-time, the ploughshare must be governed by the same ideal that has swayed the sword in war-time.

VI

“HOLY ORDERS” IN BUSINESS

IN the past we have had two standards for Christians—one for ministers and another for laymen. A man must not enter the ministry to make money out of it. He must enter with the sole intention of doing good to others, and must be content with a stipend that will insure the average comforts and decencies of life. But a layman may enter a business with the sole intention of making money, and the more he makes, the more successful he is considered to be. His wealth becomes the fountain of his honors. He rises in esteem, and accumulates honors, as he rises in wealth. He is not expected to enter business to do good to others but to do good to himself. The present standard of morality allows a business man to make money his aim, and serve himself first. But an author, a doctor, lawyer, statesman, soldier or minister is expected to serve the public first, and himself last.

A man may not enter these professions to make a fortune, but to make a livelihood,

and serve the public. If he wishes to get rich quickly and amass millions, he knows that by entering a profession he will shut the door upon himself. He must go into business. There alone can he make millions in the short space of thirty or forty years. In the professions are men of first-class intellects who toil terribly but, unless in addition to their own work they take shares in business, few, if any, ever make large fortunes. But why should business men expect, or take, more money for their labour than other men? Why should a man expect more for making jam than Keats for making poems? Jam and poetry are both necessaries of life. Why should the head of a factory take more money for his service than a Prime Minister? It is due to a false standard of morality. The business man is as much a servant of the public as an author, doctor or minister. Of course, he needs a larger capital for his enterprises, but he ought to take no more out of the business for his personal use than a doctor or minister. And if he took less in money he would be given more in honor, love and gratitude. He prefers money, and truly he has his reward. But to those who do their life's work not for money but for the general good of men, Christ says: “ Thy

Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

A business man ought to be held in the same honour as men in the professions, but he ought also to be content with the same financial emolument. He cannot have it both ways. He must be either his own servant or the servant of the public.

A minister may not leave his Church merely because he has made enough money to be independent of his stipend. He is not there for his stipend but to do his work, and only when he has spent all his energy may he honourably retire.

But another Christian—one engaged in business—may retire from his work as soon as he has made enough money to retire on. He even boasts of his early retirement. A family will say, with a note of pride, "Oh, we retired from business forty years ago!" and expect you to think more highly of them because of this fact.

There are thus two standards of conduct for Christians—one for the ministers and another for the laymen. Now, it is certain that if a man enters the ministry merely to make money and get a living, he will degrade both himself and those who come into contact with him. And when he retires, it will be a

relief to himself and no grievous disappointment to his congregation. As we are all equally human (ministers *are* human, dress and tone of voice notwithstanding), and as laws operate on one man as on another, it is indisputable that if a man enters business merely to make money he will degrade himself and those who work with him. When he retires, it will be with a sigh of relief, for he will feel that he has got rid of a dirty and exacting occupation and may turn his mind to better things.

The world needs “ Holy Orders ” of business men as truly as “ Holy Orders ” of ministers. It needs one standard for all Christians. A true man enters the ministry because, with the gifts God has given him, he believes he can there best serve both God and man. He is not indifferent to a stipend, for he gets hungry like other men, and even black clothes wear out. A stipend is a necessity to him—though some churches forget this—but it is not the supreme attraction, and he is content with a comfortable style of life, and does not demand money for mere display or extravagance. Other Christian men have other gifts but they ought not to have other motives. The minister is called to his office, but surely he is not the only child in God’s

family who is called to definite work? Is he to be regarded as the pet of the family, whose work is found for him by the heavenly Father while all the other children fend for themselves without any sense of vocation? The minister's brother may have the gift of organization. This talent is his call. It is obvious that his place is in business. While the minister is preaching, or visiting the sick, the business man ought, from the same motives, to be manufacturing and distributing food and clothing.

The test Christ is to apply to us at the Judgment Day has been generally misunderstood, and contracted in its application. When He says, "I was naked, and ye clothed Me; hungry, and ye fed Me;" He is not thinking merely of almsgiving and of visits to the poor by ministers and representatives of charity organizations. He is laying down a principle, and applying it to all men. I have worked for five years in the slums of London's East End, and I speak with knowledge when I say that almsgiving is often a curse instead of a blessing to the poor. It demoralizes as many people as it helps. A youth may be ruined by inheriting a fortune which he has done nothing to earn, and Lancashire people have a proverb, based

on wide experience, which says, “Clogs to clogs in three generations,” or, as Americans put it, “Shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations.” By the working of the same law, a poor man is often demoralized by receiving alms which he has not worked for. He becomes a beggar instead of a workman. I knew women who attended women’s meetings at three different churches, so that they might be eligible to receive coals, blankets and money from every ecclesiastical charity in the district. They did not follow after Christ but only after His “loaves and fishes.” Children would attend one Sunday-school till Easter to qualify for the Easter charities, and, the Sunday after, they would join another school to be ready for the Summer Outing and the Christmas gifts. Our very charities demoralized some of the people, and made them come to church for what they could get.

The average man can best serve the poor and needy by entering into business with a high motive. Suppose he becomes a cotton manufacturer, not to make money but to clothe the naked. Every week he provides thousands of men with good shirts at a cost within their reach. If this is his aim, he will not want to retire from business, for he will

feel that he is doing a noble work. He may go to bed tired, but he will sleep the sleep of the just. He will not live in extravagance for, when he has allowed for working expenses and extension of business, he will give a fair share of the profits to the workmen who have been his comrades in the high enterprise. As profits increase he may build himself a larger house, and live under more artistic conditions, but, while building his own new house, he will build larger and better houses for his workmen that they, with him, may rise to a fuller and more refined life. As his motive is to do good rather than to get good, he will not try to ruin his competitors, nor gain any unfair advantage over them. He will not turn out shoddy material, nor, by artificial means, seek to inflate prices. He will meet with unscrupulous competition from men who are in business for purely selfish ends and who worship the golden god of this world, but, by toiling a little longer, and by the use of more up-to-date methods, he will keep his place; for, say what men may, this is a moral universe, and the angels do, sooner or later, come down on the side of the man who plays a straight game.

Even Germany has discovered this truth,

though the eyes of her soul are somewhat dim. “Honesty is the best policy,” though policy cannot be the motive of honesty. And the Ten Commandments have a commercial value, though that is not the proper reason for keeping them. When, at last, the manufacturer comes to die, he will feel that he has not lived in vain. Thousands will have been clothed who, but for him, might have been left naked, and, at the Judgment, Christ will say to him, “I was naked, and ye clothed Me, for inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.” Such a man’s gold is not filthy lucre, and his children will never be ashamed of their father’s connection with business, nor be ashamed to carry it on. If they are, it will but prove how unworthy they were to bring him his slippers, eat his bread, or inherit his wealth and home.

If our soldiers in France had suffered and died for their pay, they would not have been heroes, but hirelings. They needed their pay, were glad to get it, and could have done with more, but they died, not for pay, as well they knew, but for freedom and civilization. They died not for their own good but for the common good. If they could die for others, cannot we go into business and live for

others? Our soldiers did not use their swords merely in defense of themselves or their families; they used them in defense of their country and the cause of humanity.

Shall we use our ploughshares merely for ourselves and our own families? Shall we not take the wider sweep of sympathy and use them for all humanity? Our own little circle is included in the wider circle and will share in the general benefit as the children of our soldiers will share in the freedom they have conferred on the world. Shall we be wage-slaves or profit-slaves when we may be benefactors of mankind? It is the spirit that giveth life—the ideal that shapes reality. The lonely farmer on the Canadian prairie, the miller by the riverside, the baker in the great city, and the carrier in the street may all hear the Master say, “I was hungry and ye fed Me.” But we cannot serve God and Mammon. The shepherd, woolen manufacturer, dressmaker, and stocking weaver may all hear Christ say, “I was naked and ye clothed Me.” And no fortune, however large, can compensate for the loss of such words of gratitude from Him, Who died for us.

In passing on to others these necessities of life each will take for his own needs.

“ The laborer is worthy of his hire,” and “ Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.” But the laborer and the ox, alike, work for a master, and in business master and man work, not for themselves, but for God. They are both laborers. To live, they are paid in kind; but their reward is the favor of God. They must not hoard for themselves what belongs to their Master. Mine-owner, collier, railway-man, and coal dealer may be welcomed into heaven with Christ’s greeting, “ I was cold, and ye warmed Me.” Poets, novelists, publishers and booksellers may hear Christ say, “ I was weary and dejected, and ye took Me out of My surroundings and limited experiences. Ye put My feet in a large place. Enter now into the joy of your Lord.” Christ did not work at the carpenter’s bench merely to make money for the support of His mother and younger brothers. He toiled at the bench to help the farmers in their fields and the housewives in their homes. And we may be sure that He turned out no bad or shoddy work, and drove no unfair bargains. When He left the bench for His greater task, He heard a voice from heaven saying, “ This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.” It was a trib-

ute to His faithful service in the carpenter's shop. Even as a carpenter He had been in "holy orders."

The great work of the Church in the New Age will be to open the door of every office, store and factory for Christ to enter. Let the manufacturer of food place in his office, as the directing thought of his life, the words: "I was hungry, and ye fed Me." And let the clothing manufacturer take as his motto Christ's words: "I was naked, and ye clothed Me."

VII

THE DEBT OF CLASS TO CLASS

IN times past, the Church has given to the words of St. Paul, "Owe no man anything," the most limited application. It has applied the principle only to individuals, not to classes. But St. Paul, having spoken his command to the individual, swept on to the various classes of society and to the different races, and showed them their dependence upon, and duty towards, one another. "I am debtor," he says, in the same epistle, "both to the Greeks, and to the barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."

The upper classes owe a debt to the lower classes, and those who work with the hands owe a debt to those who work with the brain. The head owes something to the feet and the feet owe something to the head. One cannot say to the other, "I have no need of thee," nor "I owe thee nothing." No class lives on its own products. One

class makes books, another shoes, and life becomes full and rich for all only when there is a fair exchange of products. Every class, if it would be honest, must give an equivalent for that which it receives. "Freely ye have received freely give." "Owe no man (or class) anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

In the bad old days, the slave-owner neither paid nor acknowledged his debt to the slave. But the slave did not stand alone with his debts unpaid. The world at large has never paid, nor attempted to pay, its debts to certain classes of society. No honest man can read the history of literature, for example, without a feeling of shame. Many of the immortal writers who have enriched our lives and kept our souls out of the mire, starved for bread. Poets, whose gift to the world is beyond price, are, as a class, the most under-paid of any. Think of the inheritance Burns left to Scotland, and how he raised her in her own esteem and that of other nations! Yet all that the Scottish people could do for him was to find him work as an exciseman. If now they suffer an undeserved reputation for stinginess it is, at least, poetic justice. They killed the poet

they loved. Although Burns lived frugally—probably spending less than two pounds weekly on himself and family, he died penniless. During his last illness, he had to write to his publisher to send five pounds to keep him from being put into jail for debt. If justice had been done, society would have been put into jail for its unpaid debts to the poet. Freely Burns gave, but freely he was not allowed to receive.

Society gave Milton some fifteen pounds for "Paradise Lost." It gave Wordsworth enough to pay for his shoe-laces, and little more. Keats received scarcely anything for his priceless work; and Francis Thompson was reduced to selling matches at Charing Cross Station. The poet gives the world the riches of his soul, and the world withholds from him even a sufficiency of bread and butter. Poetry is his life's work, but, in order to buy bread, he must take up other labour. When he dies we put a commemorative tablet on his house, but while he lives we decline to pay his rent.

And what is true of the poets is true also of the rank and file of the clergy. Every week, in a religious newspaper, I see appeals from poor preachers' wives for the bare necessities of life. Their husbands are highly

educated men, and spend their lives educating and developing others in the highest things of life. For centuries the clergy have linked every parish in England with the learning, culture and religion of Oxford and Cambridge. They have kept alive the soul of the English people and have sent out their refining influence to every land where the English language is spoken. In a business or profession they might, with their education and talents, have grown rich. At their ordination they deliberately locked the door of wealth against themselves and threw away the key. Not wealth, but a decent living, was all they asked, but even this has been denied them. Hundreds are living in screened poverty, and know not where to turn for the bare necessities of life. Society has never paid its debt to them. It receives from them spiritual riches and therefore owes them carnal wealth. Its non-payment of the debt brings anxiety to them and suffering to their wives and children. It is said that, on the induction of a minister to one of the English Free Churches, an officer of the church offered the following prayer: "Lord, keep him humble, and *we'll* keep him poor." I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but it seems to express truthfully the

attitude of society towards the leaders of its religious life. We don't stone the prophets (that would be unseemly in the twentieth century), we starve them.

The working class is another creditor which cannot get its debts paid. It gives us food, clothing and houses, but of its own produce it is allowed to retain barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Horses are given enough food for their day's work, and slaves were kept, in health; but I have seen working people break down beneath their burdens through lack of nourishment. After a life of unremitting toil and frugal fare, hundreds of thousands have to face old age without a penny in their purses. Every poorhouse in the land is a stony finger of scorn pointing to society as a debtor that lives in luxury on forced loans from the poor. Slavery is not dead. The serpent has merely shed its skin. It was black. Now it is white. On the intolerable wrongs of the poor, the foundations of society can never be well and truly laid. Our civilization is a house built on shifting sands. It cannot endure. The rains and floods of rebellion will beat upon it and bring about its fall.

I am haunted, at times, by a memory of

the Somme. I was in a motor-lorry, and, as we passed down the hastily constructed road, the leg of a dead soldier rose out of the mud behind us. The road had been made over a hidden grave. The modern world has built for itself hasty roads to wealth, and its loaded wagons are crushing the souls of men beneath their weight; but those we have wronged will not always lie hidden beneath the mud of our merciless wheels. They will rise up to haunt us and utter their curses upon our homes and children. There is a resurrection day for all wrongs. As the rivers of Egypt turned to blood at the sight of the oppressed children of Israel, so our streams of prosperity will turn to poison. God is the vindicator of the poor, and He will make us pay our debt to the uttermost farthing. When God, with His outraged children clinging to His skirts, comes to reckon with us, no stony Sphinx, that man has made, can deliver us from His wrath.

Speaking of himself, St. Paul says, "Neither did we eat any man's bread for nought; but wrought with labour." And he adds, "This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." This is surely the right attitude to life. We ought not to be content to receive without

giving something in return. Whether rich or poor, all receive, therefore all should give. Food is the result of labor and if a man will not do some form of work, neither should he eat. God gave him two hands but only one mouth, and to use the mouth and let the hands lie idle is not manly. It is excusable only in babies. A man should be more than a mouth. Idleness is as much a crime in the rich as in the poor. It is, in fact, a greater crime, for the poor receive little and therefore owe little, but the rich receive much and so owe much. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required: and to whom men have committed much, of him will they ask the more."

The poor suffer for their idleness by lack of bread. They are punished for their crime. But if rich people refuse to work they do not suffer in consequence. They continue to have an abundance of food, clothing and shelter. Their debt is unpaid and their crime unpunished. They consume but do not produce. Therefore, they increase the burdens of others, and add to the misery of the common people. Others have either to consume less than their share or else produce more. There is, on any given day, a limited amount of food. If I take more than

my ration some one else must go without, or else some one must do extra work to make up for the food that I have wasted. Either I starve or overwork some one. Some say that, by buying the produce of the poor, they are giving them work, and so providing them with food, even though they remain idle themselves. This is a plausible fallacy. Money is not true wealth. It is but the symbol of wealth—a convenience for the exchange of produce. A man may be a Midas and everything that he touches may turn to gold, yet will he starve unless others work to produce food for him. His cook cannot make him dinners out of gold. If a Socialistic Government repudiated gold as the acknowledged means of exchange, his supposed wealth would not obtain him a crust of bread. What use would a million pounds have been to Robinson Crusoe? Not gold but labour produces food and clothing.

To understand what real wealth is we must go back to the days before gold when trade meant bartering. Then a man who reared a sheep bartered it for a load of corn. Only by producing things can we increase the world's wealth, and only by helping in its distribution can we increase the general well-being of men. The more we consume

the greater is our obligation to produce. The world has a thousand needs. We have therefore a thousand ways of giving back an equivalent to society for that which we have received. Money, in itself, is not an equivalent. When I spend it I spend something that represents either my own produce or some one else's. If by vast toil I make a million pounds worth of goods, I have a right to spend a million on the things I desire. But no one can make a million pounds by his own labour. He makes it by the help of others, and, in taking so much money for himself, he is probably taking more than his share. It is not a fair division of the results of labour.

But, even if by my own labour, I make a fortune and leave it to my descendants, can it be right that they should forever live in idleness on the toil of my life? Can it be right that they should, generation after generation, demand that those about them should toil to produce food and clothing for them, while they themselves produce nothing? Posterity may refuse to acknowledge any such obligation to them. Posterity may say, "His children have lived long enough on his toil. He was amply repaid for his labour in his lifetime. He had an abundance of all

good things as a reward for his toil. If his children desire our produce they must work to produce something for us. If they will not work neither shall they eat as a result of our labour. We will stop this drain on one generation by another by increasing the death duties. Each generation shall support itself, and all who consume must produce." If society gives me food, clothing or books, I must produce for society in return, medicine, laws, or motor-cars. I must add to its material, moral, intellectual or spiritual wealth. It is true that, by living an idle, extravagant life, I am giving work to the poor. But work is not what the poor need. They have too much work already, and I ought to take some of it on my own shoulders. What the poor need is more food, clothing, books, pictures and music. I must give them these things, not more work. They need less work and more leisure. And if I take less leisure they can take more. If I work they will need to work less. If I consume less produce they can consume more. And in that way we divide the burdens of life and share the pleasures.

Let any man visit Versailles to study how the kings of France lived, and he will understand the inevitableness of the French Revo-

lution. The Court was consuming an immense amount of material wealth and producing nothing. As a consequence, the working people, who produced the goods, were starving; and, stung to madness, swept away the throne in the torrent of their anger. It is neither necessary nor desirable that all men should work to produce material things, for man cannot live by bread alone. Literature, music, art, science, morality and religion are as necessary as food, medicine, clothing or housing. Those who produce material things have a right to the spiritual, intellectual or artistic creations of others; while, on the other hand, the intellectual classes have a claim on the fruits of manual labour. St. Paul asks, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" We do not want poets to make us shoes. We could not wear them. Nor do we want shoemakers to write us poems. We could not read them. But we do want the poet to give the shoemaker a song, and the shoemaker to make the poet a pair of shoes.

During the war, many of the working men in the army longed for a copy of Kipling's poems, but the price was beyond their reach. Working men have built Kipling a house,

grown him food, and woven him clothing. The working class has therefore a claim on Kipling's poems. Toil should be paid by toil. Either by an increase in wages or a reduction in the cost of publishing, every artisan, who wants it, should be able to possess Kipling's poetry. Kipling should work for the artisan and the artisan should work for Kipling. Each owes a debt to the other.

To make life sweet to all, we need to keep the balance between things spiritual and things material. Every one should work, but every one should not do the same work, for society's needs are many. Society is a family of men and women in which every one should bring a contribution and take a share of the whole. By inventions for increasing the rate of production, and by eliminating extravagance, we can reduce the hours of toil for the working classes, and, at the same time, by a fair distribution of the world's wealth we can abolish poverty. If each class will work, and distribute its products fairly, there will be found enough of the good things of life to make all men happy and comfortable. We cannot be happy on the misery of others, nor enjoy meals bought by the starvation of others. Neither individuals nor classes can be happy while

they live in debt. For every loaf, dress, house, train, poem, picture, or just law we owe a debt of gratitude to the maker as well as to God. It is therefore our duty to make something for his benefit, or to do him some kindness; but, as we cannot find the actual individual, we must show our gratitude to the class to which he belongs, so that he may benefit along with his fellows. And when we say, "grace before meat" we ought to remember in gratitude the farmers, millers and bakers who have been workers together with God.

VIII

“THE MAN’S THE GOWD”

THE Church is the guardian, appointed by Christ, to watch over the world’s soul. She stands sentinel over the rights of the spirit of man. In the New Era she will have to speak as sternly to the business community as God spoke, through Moses, to Pharaoh. She must say, to those who oppress the labouring classes, “Let my people go. You are crushing the soul out of them. You have taken men and made them slaves. Set them free that they may enter the new land prepared for them. They shall be men once more.”

For generations, the chief end of business has been to make wealth; but its great aim ought to be the making of men. “The man’s the gowd” that business ought to produce. “Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?” Masters and workers ought to be finer and nobler men as a result of their business activities. Wealth is a by-product which the making of manhood will inevitably produce. “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto

you.” This is the first principle of permanent success in business, but few, except Quakers, have had the spiritual insight to realize it. With the Christian conception of God, we cannot believe that work has been made a human necessity merely to supply the body with food and other material things. With one creative word God could have met the material needs of all mankind and for all time. The word was not spoken, because character and intelligence were meant to be the first-fruits of labour and material things the by-products. This is shown by the moral and intellectual evils which follow and degrade those who yield to absolute idleness. Civilization is at its highest in those lands where the climate is most conducive to labour. Where work is declined evil must be accepted. “The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.” Work is the watch-dog that keeps the wolf away from the door of the soul. Work, however, may be turned into a curse. Too much is almost as deadly as too little. Like food, it is a blessing only in moderation. “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

The majority of men in temperate climates are suffering to-day from overwork. They have not enough leisure and change of

occupation. Starvation and overeating are twin evils that have their doubles in idleness and overwork. Work done under healthy and happy conditions develops the soul, but much of modern work degrades men and breaks their spirit, for the conditions are opposed to human dignity and the hours are too long. We see the souls of men being crushed to produce goods as, in South Africa, the rock from the mines is crushed to yield its gold. Millions of men and women toil from sunrise to sunset like beasts of burden. Even children, who are in the playtime of life, are set to work. All the time and energy of men and women are exhausted in the task of obtaining bread to keep their bodies alive. They have no opportunity of developing their minds; and their hearts are like untapped wells whose waters never feel the warmth of the sunshine or catch a glimpse of flowers dancing in the wind. They know nothing of poetry, music and art. To them these things are as if they did not exist. They live and die without knowing what they mean. Their artistic faculties lie buried like diamonds in an unworked mine. In field, factory and mine, men exhaust themselves in physical effort and sink almost to the level of beasts.

There is little in their lives to differentiate them from beasts. They are like caged larks that cannot sing, and painters who have become blind in youth. In childhood, Beauty, like a silver moon, unveils her face for a moment and then is lost to sight forevermore.

In Burns, the creative force of poetry was too strong to be crushed by toil, but the price had to be paid. In giving poetry its wings he drove prosperity from his fields. The poet in him lived but the farmer died. His farm was too unfruitful to nourish both. He tried to burn the candle at both ends and failed. Poverty took him for her own, and he began to be in want. While poetry, by its exceptional force, survived in Burns, it has been utterly crushed in hosts of others, and they have died with all their music in them. They were exhausted with toil and could not bring poetry to the birth. Their souls had to die to save their bodies. The men bowed their heads, like oxen, to the yoke of labour; and became as beasts of burden. They looked up at the stars no more but kept their eyes on the mud at their feet.

I have known miners live a week without seeing the sun. It was winter, and they went to work in the dark and came out of

the coal-pits after the sun had set. Only when they worked at night did they see the sun by day. Even then they could not enjoy the light. Their eyes closed against it in weariness. I have seen them fall asleep at breakfast with food in their mouths. They were paid good wages, but these were of little human value, for there was nothing good to spend them on. There were no books, pictures or beautiful dresses on sale; and no one had ever taken the trouble to teach them how to appreciate these things. They had to live in villages near the mines and the houses were hovels. They had no baths, and the grimy men had to take tubs of hot water and wash themselves, in the presence of their families, before the fire in the living-room. They had no gardens in which to spend their leisure rearing those little angels of Paradise that we call flowers. The countryside was disfigured by the refuse from the pits and there was no pleasure in walking abroad. Everything was ugly except the sky, and, being miners, they had little chance of seeing that. There were no libraries, art galleries or even decent theatres. The mine owners made fortunes and went to live "where every prospect pleases," but the workmen were left to live like swine

where there was nothing, apart from the churches, to stir the heart or develop the intelligence. For want of something better, the miners took their good wages to the public house and drank to forget their misery. Their only alternative to the public house was the church, but how could they believe in a Christianity that left them in such social conditions? Could they believe that it was the Christianity of Christ? A Christian society shuts them up in an environment only fit for beasts, and then with a self-satisfaction worthy of the Pharisees condemns them because they do not behave like Christians and gentlemen.

How else can they behave? Can children help crying when they are starving? Or eagles help moping when they are in captivity? Suppose some fairy (benevolent or spiteful according to the point of view) were to take the babies of the upper classes, and put them in the miners’ cradles, while putting to sleep the miners’ babies in the cradles of the upper classes. What would be the result of such a night’s work? After being brought up in a hovel, educated for but a few years in a day-school and broken by years of toil in a coal-mine, would the offspring of the rich be refined, cultured and

gentlemanly? After a childhood in a beautiful home, a boyhood at Eton and four years at Oxford, would the miners' sons be dirty, ignorant and ungentlemanly? I think not. Heredity counts for much, but what is heredity except the inherited effect of environment on personality for many generations? Environment makes its man as truly as man makes his environment. The one has to compromise with the other to make life happy and tolerable.

Owing to the social conditions obtaining in mining districts men are being destroyed to produce coal. But, if we sought "first the righteousness of God," the mines would produce men, and an abundance of coal would be "added unto us" as a by-product. Mining, under Christian conditions, would make, not unmake men.

But, we are quenching the divine spark in the collier to make a blaze on our hearths. Daily the miner risks his life for us. In Great Britain 12,400 miners were killed between 1907 and 1916. In twenty years about three and a quarter millions were injured. The yearly average is 160,000. And all our gratitude gives to the miner is a hovel for a home and a public house for a place of recreation.

“ In Wishaw, Lanarkshire, 28.5 of the population live in houses of one room. There are 2,768 persons living more than five in a room, 1,237 more than six in a room, 510 more than seven in a room, and 190 more than eight in a room.

“ There are numerous houses where a husband, wife and seven children live in one apartment.”

While we ourselves drink the nectar of the poets we give the miner the poison of the distiller. As on Joseph’s coat, there is blood on our coal, and the Father of us all will demand an explanation.

The day of reckoning will come for us as for Joseph’s brethren. One of the mining areas of which I have spoken is seething with revolt. Strike follows strike. Before the war a great riot took place there, and soldiers were sent to shoot down the miners. If we continue to shoot down those whom we ought to lift up by humane conditions of life, the next riot may become a revolution. The miners ask for more money, but it is not more money they need but more beauty, music and poetry in their lives. They want knowledge and true religion. They ask for increased wages because they know not what they need. Their strikes are like the

cries of a baby. They know they lack something but cannot say what it is. They see happy conditions of life associated with wealth, therefore they ask for money; but increased wages will not give them garden cities and the comforts and refinements of modern civilization, and so the strikes will continue no matter how high the wages may rise.

While we think in terms of wages we shall never meet their needs. If we gave them the things that make life refined and sweet we could abolish wages altogether, and they would not complain; for wages are but a means to an end. If they get where they want to be they will not quarrel about the means. In return for their coal, they want our comfort and culture, and only so far as wages help them to these things will wages be of any use. Riots will stop when we send garden-city builders, librarians, artists and musicians instead of soldiers.

The cultivation of the earth and association with nature should be an ideal life for man. The ideal man, Adam, was made a cultivator of the ground. Fellowship with flowers and trees, hills and streams, and the kindly creatures of the fields so developed the rich nature of Wordsworth that he be-

came a healer of souls as truly as doctors are healers of bodies. When we are beset with cares his poems bring to us the very calm of the hills—even in the heart of a city. But what is Nature allowed to do for the farm labourer? We have turned a man into a drudge. He is made to toil from dawn to dark, and often by moonlight as well as sunlight. He receives no education worth mentioning, and has no leisure or means by which he can increase the scanty store of knowledge gained at school. There is no library, evening school or debating society within his reach. He travels less than the horses he grooms. His brain atrophies for lack of exercise, and by the time he is sixty he is likely to be as dull as the cows he milks. If his brain were developed as well as his hands he would be of twice the commercial value to the world, for intelligence is as fruitful in agriculture as in business. We think of the intellectual loss to mankind caused by the death of promising young men at the battle-front. But who thinks of the intellectual loss entailed by the ignorance in which we keep our millions of farm labourers?

If given a man’s life instead of a drudge’s, many of them would have enriched literature and contributed to our scientific knowl-

edge. With wages worthy of their work they would have developed the trade of cities and towns by purchasing books, pictures, bicycles and a hundred things that are now only bought by their social betters. In robbing them of a full-orbed life we have impoverished ourselves. It is a law of God that we wrong ourselves when we wrong another, for the weal of each is the weal of all. We have warped the labourer's body, starved his mind, and blunted his morals.

In the East End of London we used to have a fraternal meeting of ministers once a month. It so happened that all had done service both in the slums and in the country, and on one occasion, when we were discussing the question of sexual immorality, we compared the slums with the agricultural districts. We were unanimous that, among young people, there is more immorality in country districts than in the East End. We were also unanimous that it is due to the monotony and uneventfulness of country life.

Even in a slum-area of London, the young people have variety of employment, recreation and amusement. Their minds are taken off prurient subjects. Despite the presence of unhealthy literature and facilities for vice,

young people are morally safer, it would seem, in London, than in dull country districts. That is, if they are living at home and have circles of friends. In five years I had never to officiate at a marriage made necessary by misconduct. The young people connected with the church all kept their names untarnished, and I never heard of a single lapse into immorality. But, in the country, life is monotonous for servants and labourers. They are without recreations and artistic or intellectual pursuits. Their minds, being left empty, are the more easily invaded by prurient thoughts. They indulge their passions because we have starved their minds. Reform will begin when we think of servants as men and women, and try to meet their needs. While we care more for cows and horses there is no hope.

In factories, not less than in mines and fields, we are destroying men to produce goods. The operative is fast becoming a cog in the wheel of a soulless machine. Some time ago I was invited to inspect one of the largest and most up-to-date match factories in the world. It was a fairyland of mechanical contrivances—a thing to wonder at. Every room was clean, warm, well-lighted and perfectly ventilated. Splendidly

cooked dinners were provided for the work-people at cost price. There was even a cloak-room where the operative's clothing was dried in wet weather. Yet, despite the care taken of the workers, the labor was soul-destroying. Specialization had been carried to the extreme point. The trunk of a tree was placed in the machine at one end, and came out at the other as labelled cases of matches. From the first process to the last not a hand touched a match except when the machine was jammed. The workers had merely to watch the machine and, now and then, handle a lever. The machinery was magnificent—too magnificent. It made men part of itself, and destroyed their intellect and individuality. When we stepped into the street my companion—a man of active temperament—said to me in earnest tones: "The factory is great, but if I worked there for a month I should either go mad or stupid. I don't know which. Such a machine is an invention of the devil for the destruction of the soul."

Through the specialization of industry we are destroying a man to make a match or a needle. And, as the guardian of the soul, the Church must demand that, if specialization is to go on, a man must be

taught more than one process of manufacture, and be moved during the day from one part of the machine to another. His hours of labour must be drastically reduced, and his time for leisure must be filled with artistic and intellectual recreations. It will be said that such a proposal is impossible and economically unsound. Well, they said that about the proposal to free the slaves of the Southern States of America. Nothing that is right and noble can be impossible or economically unsound. Either there is a God or there isn’t. If there is one, the pebble of faith and determination will slay these giant evils as surely and simply as David slew Goliath. And they must be slain or industry will destroy more souls than vice. Industry must bow the knee to the soul, not the soul to industry. The making of men must take precedence over the making of matches. With sword unsheathed the Church must, when faced with the demands of industry, stand for the rights and sovereignty of the soul. She must obey the spirit of Christ and defy Mammon who would make of men and women footstools for his heavy feet. For what shall it profit mankind if it gain the whole world, and lose its soul?

IX

WORKMAN AND GENTLEMAN

WESLEY, who died the year before the Marseillaise was written, saved England from a Revolution similar to that which swept over France; for the revival of religion led to social reform, and made revolution unnecessary. History repeats itself, and, during the next few years, the Church must decide whether the social wrongs of the present age are to be dealt with by religion or revolution. We are as near to revolution as Pompeii to Vesuvius on the day before the eruption. Anything may happen at any time. The separation, distrust and hatred which exist at present between various classes of society cannot go on forever. A crisis must be reached soon, for life is becoming intolerable to everybody.

A few years ago we saw a similar state of things existing between nations. There were pride, distrust, ambition and ancient

wrongs. Each nation was piling up armaments ready for eventualities. All talked peace, the majority hoped for peace, but all prepared for war. Suddenly, as by the application of a match to a powder-magazine, the whole civilized world burst into a blaze of war that has almost destroyed it. Now, standing on the ruins, we have formed a League of Nations which it is hoped will end war by ending national distrust and aggression. It comes too late to bring back the 6,000,000 dead or to heal the millions of broken-hearted mourners; but it will save the future. The war we have to provide against now is not a war between nations, but a war between classes. Nations are settling their disputes and breaking down their barriers. They are merging into one. Something entirely opposite is happening among the various classes. Distrust is growing, barriers are being raised higher, while funds are being accumulated by federations of masters, and unions of workmen, ready for war. Finance has become international, and the workers of all countries are coming together to formulate their plans and state their demands. The Bolshevists, after seeking the destruction of the upper classes of Russia, have impregnated Ger-

many with their ideas and have started there a revolution the development of which no man can foresee.

Bolshevism is not in any sense national. It is a class movement pure and simple. Its aim is to merge all classes into one, and to obliterate national distinctions. Its leaders have something of the mad idealism of Mahomet and, like him, they are in a hurry, and use force in place of argument, or, at least, in addition to it. Their minds are not set on wages and material prosperity so much as on the destruction of class distinction. They desire all men to be on one level, and those who refuse to step down they put to death. The abolition of poverty is a secondary matter. In fact, they use poverty to incite the lower classes against the upper. It is good soil for their seed, and, even if they could, they would not destroy it until they had destroyed class distinction. They have sent out their agents to all lands with the intention of provoking an international class war. Their leaven is at work in all industrial areas, and we cannot get rid of it by force any more than we can take yeast out of bread by bayonets. The peril must be met, not by bayonets, but by a League of All Classes, animated by the spirit

of Christ which is one of justice, love and peace.

Such a league would have saved France in 1789 but, as the Church of that day failed to bring the aristocracy and democracy together in social union, the democracy determined to obtain oneness of social life by the destruction of the aristocracy on the guillotine. If the Church of to-day will be true to its Founder by making itself, in reality, a League of All Classes, and teach men their true attitude to one another it will save our generation from horrors such as overtook France in 1789 and have now overtaken Russia.

What lies at the root of our social discontents? Nine people out of every ten will say that it is all a matter of wages and conditions of labour. But that is not so. Social conditions are the fruits of the tree of discontent, they are not the roots. It was pride that caused the first discontent in Heaven and brought about the fall of Lucifer; and it is pride which is at the root of industrial unrest and is bringing about the fall of man. It is to the wounded pride of the working classes that the Bolshevist appeal is made; and the workers are being incited to reply to the scorn poured

on them from above, by abolishing class distinctions altogether. Our trouble is that one class of society despises and insults another. Even the Churches are not guiltless. Ecclesiastical pride divides the Church of Christ and embitters religious life. The Roman Catholic Church declares the Church of England to be outside the pale, and refuses to recognize the validity of her clergy's orders. The Church of England (and the Protestant Episcopal of America) declares, in turn, that the Baptist, Congregational and Methodist Churches are outside the pale. She will not recognize the orders of their ministers as valid, nor allow them to preach from her pulpits. In any proposed union of Churches she demands that they shall submit to reordination.

In exactly the same way one class of society treads down another. One class claims to be better than another, and puts the other outside the pale. They are not on visiting terms, and do not intermarry—except when one in the upper stratum needs the money of one in the lower to pay off the debts on his estate. From the highest circles to the lowest, pride is dividing and antagonizing society. In England, the aristocracy has little or no dealings with

the middle classes. It tells them they are not gentle-people. The middle classes promptly reply by putting the working classes outside the pale. The workman is told that he is not, and cannot be, a gentleman. In each of these circles of society there are still smaller, and one will have nothing to do with the other. The man with two sovereigns in his pocket thinks himself superior to the man with only one. The family two generations removed from the working class assumes airs of superiority over the family but one generation away. In every circle we see crowds of people trying to scramble up the social ladder into the circle above them. Having reached the pinnacle of their desires they are met with coldness and slightings, but console themselves by casting smiles of disdain on their unsuccessful competitors. Wounded themselves, they wound others. Often, success comes too late. Just when, like flies out of a bowl of milk, they have struggled out of the circle in which they were born and have reached a higher social level, Death—the great Leveller—lays them on their backs where there is no respect of persons, and where a beggar is as good as a duke.

To win a place in aristocratic society a middle class woman will sometimes show as much genius and energy in intrigue as Napoleon when he sought a throne. While the upper classes ostracize the middle classes and the middle classes ostracize the lower classes, how can there be peace? Will wealth satisfy the middle classes, or high wages bring content to the working classes? Only the minority love money for its own sake or even for the material pleasures it brings. Most people seek it because it enables them to improve their social position. To obtain a place in the circle of society above her a woman will, not infrequently, sell both herself and her fortune in marriage to a man she does not love.

Pride is one of the main springs of human action. In some men it is the master-passion. Wound it and we drive individuals to revenge, and classes to revolution. The French Revolution was not caused simply by lack of food. When the starving peasants cried for bread, one of the aristocracy replied, "Let them eat grass." Now, men do not eat grass. Only beasts eat it. Therefore the aristocrat's taunt was an insult to the manhood of the poor. In his eyes they were beasts. They had grown his corn,

woven his clothing, built him his house—but they were beasts. Wounded in their pride they took him and hanged him by the neck to a lamp-post. They stuffed his mouth with grass, and having thus secured his silence and attention, they taught him that God hath made of one blood all people. All too late, he learned that a cord around an aristocrat's neck is just as deadly as around a workman's, and that scorn is as difficult to bear by one as another.

What labouring men most want is not money but the recognition of their manhood. Honest pride is a moral antiseptic against all forms of meanness and cowardice, but false pride which is based on other things than character is the hotbed of intrigue and scorn, and the false pride that has built up our caste system is the cause of our social discontent.

The Church must purge society of false pride by teaching the two supreme and essentially Christian virtues of love and humility, or democracy will be stung to madness and use revolution as a pride's purge. The Church must define the term gentleman afresh. In the popular mind it is inseparably connected with wealth. But, in reality, wealth is no more a necessity to

gentility than to scholarship. Wealth is often a help, but it is never a necessity. Many of the finest gentlemen known to history have been poor men. There are true gentlemen in every class, and in every circle of society there are those who are common and vulgar.

Gentility is an attribute of the soul. To say that a working man cannot be a gentleman is to say that Christ was not a gentleman. I never see a rich or aristocratic congregation worshipping, or receiving the sacrament, in a Christian church without being impressed with the irony of the situation. I know quite well that if Christ came again to us as a carpenter some of the very people who are now worshipping Him would refuse to receive Him into their homes. If admitted at all He would have to take His meals with the servants. Owing to His fame as a miracle worker, He would, for a time, be considered a "lion," and the rich doubtless would invite Him to their drawing-rooms to perform wonders for them on dull evenings. Even were He to accept such invitations, His popularity would be as short-lived as was that of Robert Burns among the aristocracy of Edinburgh. By the dignity of his manners and the brilliance

of his conversation Burns proved himself worthy of the highest society. The Duchess of Gordon was "swept off her feet" by him, as she freely confessed. Yet, because he was only a ploughman, he could not remain on visiting terms with members of Edinburgh "society." They regarded him as an amusement rather than as a man. His after-life became embittered, not by his poverty—he cared little about that—but by this insult to his manhood. The honest pride in the man had received a mortal wound, and his lines:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that,"

are a cry of pain. It is this attitude to the working classes which is endangering society. Low wages, and hovels to live in, are consequences that spring from it, for they are considered quite good enough for people who are of inferior breed. Even the Church is not free of this spirit. With a note of pride in his tone, a minister once said to a friend of mine: "You know, in the church where I am pastor, we have no working people at all." And, I think, he might have added—"Not even the Carpenter of Nazareth."

Even the War could not exorcise this Christless spirit. During the terrible Somme Campaign some of the officers of my regiment, who had been "over the top" more than once, were sent to a military school for a few weeks' rest and training. When they returned to the Front they were blazing with indignation. With them at the school was a party of officers belonging to a Guards regiment. *Our* officers were drawn from the middle class but the guardsmen were from the upper class, and, because of this fact, the Guards absolutely refused to have anything to do with them. At the Front, however, a much finer spirit generally prevailed, and true gentlemanliness marked the relationship of class with class. After two years in a mess at one of the Base Camps an officer, whom I personally know, was turned out by the new Commanding Officer, because he was not considered to have proper "table manners" and "made a noise when eating his soup!" If the ejected officer, through lack of early training, was without the *manners* of a gentleman, it is equally certain that the C. O. lacked the *heart* of a gentleman.

And so we go on, dividing society into upper, middle and lower classes, but Christ

knows nothing of these distinctions. With Him there are but two classes—those who serve their fellows, and those who don't. He divides into sheep and goats, and sends men to the right or left. Those who are kind to their fellows He considers God's gentlemen, and those who are not, are placed outside the pale. Under Christ's test, all men may be gentlemen. As the term implies, a man who is gentle *is* a gentleman. He is strong, but his strength is held in restraint, and he uses it for others rather than for himself. He is gentle, as opposed to the man who is violent, greedy, inconsiderate, and who uses his strength for his own selfish ends without respect to the rights and feelings of others. Christ was a gentleman and a carpenter and, in the nature of things, there is no reason why every miner or labourer in the world may not be a gentleman. Nevertheless the working man is at a great disadvantage. He may possess the instincts of a true gentleman but he has not been taught how to give them correct expression. He is like a gifted singer who has not been trained. He is deficient in knowledge of etiquette, as the singer is lacking in knowledge of technique. It is the duty of those who know, and have themselves been

taught, to teach those who do *not* know. To treat them with disdain is as ungentlemanly as un-Christian.

The true musician loves to impart his knowledge to beginners, and the truly gentle will seek to improve the manners of the untrained. In a spirit of love and humility, the upper class ought to train the middle class in grace of manner, and the middle class ought to pass on to the lower class what they, themselves, have learned.

That good manners come as a result of leisure, education and training is shown in the record of all cultured families. Many of the best-mannered families are descendants of those who, scarcely a century ago, belonged to the working class. With each generation has come growth in grace and refinement. We see the same process at work in the case of a working man who toils and saves to give his son a college education, and place him in an environment of refinement. The father remains rough in manner, but the youth grows up refined. Perhaps the father is the truer gentleman but the son has the more gentlemanly manner, and may enter circles of society closed to his parent. The cultured classes owe their grace to the working classes who have

toiled to give them leisure. They have gone to the University because the working classes have gone to the mine and the factory; and they owe to them a debt of respect and gratitude such as the college-boy owes to his father who worked at the lathe or in the mine to supply him with money. It is the duty of the rich to teach the poor what they have been privileged to learn themselves, and, if instead of this, they pour scorn on them, it is a proof that they are not true gentlemen. The miner needs the aristocrat's grace, as the aristocrat needs the miner's coal.

France lost much by the destruction of her aristocracy in Revolutionary days, but those who formed it refused to do their duty to the working people, and, having to choose between two evils, France chose the lesser. Yet no nation can destroy a class without serious loss. It needs all, but each must do its duty to the other, and bring its contribution to the general good. Grace of manner and speech, is as much needed in the pit and factory as in the palace, and its presence would sweeten life and add to contentment more than any mere increase of wages. The worker needs more leisure, beauty, and education in the art of living.

Too often education is confounded with information. We inform a poor boy instead of developing him. Very few aristocrats know as much as an ordinary school-teacher, but they have been taught how to meet life, and how to live gracefully and pleasantly for themselves and others. They have been taught in the art of living and every class needs this kind of education. Mere knowledge, such as our schools give, may, and often does, bring discontent. It is knowledge *in action* that is needed, instruction in the art of living. Boys want to know how to stand up to life, how to meet their fellows, and how to "carry on." We want a form of education that will give to the mine and factory the grace of speech and ease of manner that prevails in the palace. Such education would sweeten life and make men feel that they were both workmen and gentlemen.

It would also make it possible for the various classes to meet together in social life. It is often contended that to educate working people is to make them discontented with manual labour and, sometimes, this is the case. But this is due to our false standards of life. We have taught that manual labourers cannot be gentlemen and, in his

heart, every man wants to be a gentleman. We have also compelled them to wear shabby clothes, live in poor houses, and do without the solace of music, the inspiration of art. But why should not miners and weavers be respected as much as lawyers and bankers, wear good clothing, and enjoy music and art? Their work is as necessary and their spiritual needs as great. When I lived in the slums of London I got weary, almost unto death, of the ugliness about me, and, once or twice a week, I would mount an omnibus and ride out to the West End, to see beautifully-dressed women and men, and fine streets and buildings. Poor men in my church told me that they were in the habit of doing the same thing. The poor want beauty. Why should there not be lavatories and dressing rooms connected with mines and factories so that the work-people may go to their tasks in beautiful clothing and, before beginning work, put on overalls or special dresses? Every one knows the moral uplift which a beautiful dress gives to the wearer and the pleasure it gives to the beholder. If the rich will be content without extravagance and vulgar display, there will be enough of the good things of life to go round; and when all can afford to buy, and

have been trained to appreciate, beautiful furniture and clothing, there will come a new prosperity to business, for the "luxury" trades will be supported by all instead of by a few.

Because he had other interests in life, Gladstone enjoyed the manual labour of cutting down trees, and working people will be contented in doing manual labour, when they are enabled to live a full life outside the factory or mine. The present discontent, and the feverish struggle to rise into higher grades of society will cease, when it is made possible for every man to be a gentleman in his own, and when he is acknowledged as such by those above him. I have seen soldiers from rich homes living in dug-outs and cottages as happy as larks because they were doing true men's work and were honoured for doing it. I have also seen ladies, from beautiful country houses, living in tiny rooms at a wooden Y. M. C. A. hut, and, because they were doing useful and honourable work, they were as happy as the day was long—happier, perhaps, than at home. Their happiness came from within, and not from the possession of outward things. I am writing in a cottage where I have only one room. It has no furniture,

but a rough table, two chairs, a camp-bed and a few choice, but unframed pictures on the walls; but I am as happy as though I were in a manse.

A little material wealth is enough if we have true work to do and are respected by our fellows. The rich have too much wealth to be happy and the poor too little. "Give me neither riches nor poverty" is a wise prayer. The desire for wealth is largely due to the desire for display, and the desire for display is due to a false standard of honour and greatness. We are apt to think we shall not be considered gentlemen unless we can make a display of wealth. It is a fine house rather than a fine character that we rely upon to give us a place in society.

Only when the Christian standard of gentlemanliness is accepted will this madness come to an end, and friction between classes cease. There will still be degrees of wealth, as of ability, but they will not create envy. There will also be masters and men, just as there will be tutors and scholars, but the quarrelling will cease, for the man with five talents will use them for the benefit of the men with one. Brain-workers and hand-workers will assist one another, as willingly as the brain and the hands assist one an-

other in the body. All will have enough on which to dress well and live well. The lower, middle and upper classes will be on visiting terms with each other, for all will have grace of manner and be regarded as gentlefolk. We shall enjoy our own meals the better because of the knowledge that others are not starving, and our own houses and dresses because none are homeless and naked. We shall be haunted no more by the pinched looks of ragged little children. For "it is not the will of God that one of these little ones should perish." It is God's will that all men should be happy together. The Will of God, as yet, has only been read. Some day it will be proved and executed. All His sons and daughters will then enter into their inheritance. They will hear Christ say "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world," for the will of God must some day "be done on earth even as it is in heaven." The way may be long, but

"For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

X

THE EMERGENCE OF WOMAN

LIKE a butterfly from the chrysalis, woman is emerging from the servitude of centuries. Instead of being at man's feet, like Ruth at the feet of Boaz, she is rising to take her rightful place at his side. She is discovering that God has made her man's equal and not his servant; his mate and not his plaything. And she has but to assert her equality for it to be recognized. Man in his savage state, trusting solely in brute strength, regarded lions and elephants as his superiors. He was afraid of them because of their greater strength. But, with the development of intelligence he realized that there is something greater in life than physical force. He became conscious of a power in himself superior to anything possessed by animals. He therefore lost his fear and hunted them down. In a similar way woman is discovering that she has qualities that man does not possess, and that these are an offset to the qualities which

he lacks. As the race grows finer, and the need for mere physical force abates, her qualities rise in appreciation, while some of the qualities that once made man dominant lose their prestige.

For centuries she has been man's dependent, plaything or slave. Even the Decalogue classed her as one of man's possessions: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house . . . thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass." Mankind, at that time, was unready for Christ's teaching in respect to woman. Such teaching would have been a wasted lesson, and as premature as a lecture on mathematics in a nursery. In many countries a man might have two or more wives, but a woman might not have two husbands. (Considering the trial to patience the average male is, few women would want more than one.) Often she had to be content to share a husband. For adultery a woman might be put to death while the man was spared. Some countries gave a husband the power of death over his wife. For certain offenses, he might execute her. But, on no account, might a wife execute her husband. His person was to be regarded by her as sacred. In India a wife

would be burned alive on the funeral pyre of her husband, but a husband was not burned to death when his wife died.

Even to-day, in the most civilized countries, the laws relating to property and divorce are not equal as between man and woman. In industrial life wages are not equal. In love, a man may ask for a woman's hand, but she may not ask for his. She may love but may not speak her love until she is asked. She may make indirect signs to the man of her choice, but if he fails to notice them, she must dig a little grave in her heart and bury her love out of sight. Even in the marriage service there is an obligation imposed on her that is not imposed on the husband. She must promise to "obey," and this obedience is interpreted, by many, as servitude. She is expected to render the unreasoning obedience of a slave, and to surrender the control both of her life and person.

But, with the progress of the race, and the rise in spiritual values, woman is, at last, coming into her kingdom. Instead of a slave's fetters she is to have a crown. She is to sit by man's side, on a double throne, and, while he is king, she is to be queen. With the gradual passing of hardship and

physical danger, new qualities are demanded of the race; and woman is found to be rich in many of these. Man is beginning to feel his need of her as a comrade rather than as a cook, and she is becoming conscious of a new and nobler function in life than heretofore. This new consciousness is making some feminists lose their heads. The new wine intoxicates them, and they talk foolishly. They claim that woman possesses all the good qualities of man with the addition of certain others of her own. From a position of inferiority they exalt her to one of superiority. The fact is that woman is neither better nor worse than man. She is different. She is mated to man, and is his equal. He is active. She is passive. He is stronger, but she has more endurance. He can lift heavier weights, but, nursing the sick, she can tire out two of his sex. He has more active physical courage but in passive courage she leaves him far behind.

There are similar intellectual differences. A man steadily mounts the ladder of logic to his conclusion, but, when he gets there, he finds his wife waiting for him. She has "jumped to her conclusions" and neither she nor any one else knows how. Her

mental processes have been too rapid to follow. It is the same in matters of religion. A man thinks out his way to God, but a woman *feels* her way to Him. A man must have light on his path or he will tumble into a ditch, but a woman can find her way in the dark. While man is building his temple of theology, she is filling it with the incense of devotion. Man and woman are equal but they are different. One has what the other lacks. Each is impoverished by the absence of the other. It is commonly supposed that man is the protector and woman the protected, but, in reality, the protection is mutual. In times of physical danger, man, by reason of his greater strength and the active nature of his courage, becomes woman's guard and defense; but, in time of sickness, it is woman who protects and saves.

During the War, our sick and wounded soldiers were nursed and saved by the women they had risked their lives to defend. In the every-day things of life man protects woman by the soundness of his considered judgment, but she protects him by the sureness and swiftness of her intuitions. She senses danger as a water-diviner senses a hidden spring. Every woman knows that

she protects the man she loves. When his feet are on the edge of the precipice she pulls him back. She does not see the danger; she *feels* it. Like the blind, she has a fineness of perception unknown to the average man. I know a minister who is totally blind, yet, when walking past a tree or lamp-post, he will playfully hit it with his stick as though his eyes were wide open. A woman is often equally sensitive to the unseen. "I would not do that, John," she cries. "But why?" he asks. "I don't know *why*, but I wouldn't do it if I were you." And he knows, by experience, that it would be unwise to disregard her warning.

Thus woman gives an equivalent to man for that which she receives from him. She is weak where he is strong, but she is strong where he is weak. Together, they avoid the pitfalls of life; for she hears voices to which he is deaf, and sees things to which he is blind. Almost every great man has had a great mother, sister, wife or woman-friend to inspire, guide and protect him. The mother of John and Charles Wesley was, in her own way, as great as either of them. Napoleon made the fatal mistakes of his career after he had divorced Josephine, whose almost maternal affection for him

was as the shadow of protecting wings. His virile, masculine judgment needed her fine perception and feminine intuition. Man makes his peer, his subject, at his own peril. When he takes away woman's throne, he loses his own. The true relationship of woman to man is finely expressed by Wordsworth when he speaks of "A perfect woman nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command."

There are times when woman is supreme and knows it, for she is in her own domain. She is a leader of the blind, and warns, comforts and commands. At such times a man is lost if he disobeys, yet when the peril is past, and a new form of danger appears with which a man can best deal, she accepts his guidance and obeys him with the simplicity of a child. They are sovereign and subject by turns. One of the great dangers of our time is that this interdependence of the sexes may not be generally recognized. Men and women may become rivals instead of comrades.

The Church may serve the age by calling mankind and womankind before the altar, joining their hands together, and making them promise to love and cherish each other. She needs to repeat the ancient warning,

“Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.” Mankind has lost immeasurably by the past servitude of woman, and the Golden Age has been retarded by centuries. Men and women rise or fall together. Like Alpine climbers they are bound one to another. They pull one another up to the heights, or drag one another down into the abyss. Man cannot wrong woman without the evil coming back upon himself with the force of a boomerang. If he closes her eyes to knowledge, he is left companionless, and loses the light she could have shed upon his path. The Greeks kept their wives and daughters in ignorance. Only the loose women were allowed to gather round the lamp of knowledge. What happened? Men left their mothers, sisters and wives and sought the society of the courtesans, for only from them could they get the feminine point of view in respect to art and literature. Even the wisest and most virtuous philosophers resorted to these women who became rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and perverted the morals of the nation. Yet the remedy was simplicity itself. The cultured men of Greece had but to pull up the blinds from the windows of their own homes, and let in the light of

knowledge. They would then have found, at home, the intellectual companionship they sought abroad.

When woman is blind, man is left with only one eye. The law of retribution operates also in the moral world. Men betray the innocence of maidens and cast them off. The girls are ostracized but the men continue in society. The men escape punishment; the women pay. How *terribly* they pay, only those of us who have been trying to salve the wrecks which drift into the dark places of a great city rightly know. But do the men escape? Individuals may, but men as a class do not. The outcast girl takes to the street, and her whole after-life is a revenge on men, and on the women who cast her from them. She uses all the means at her command to lure men into her haunts, and sends them back to their homes demoralized and diseased. The evil she has received, she returns with interest. During the great plague of London, stricken people were often seized with a passion to infect others. They would deliberately kiss a healthy man or woman, so that they might not die alone.

Urged on by a like impulse, the ruined girl seeks to ruin others, so that she may not

sink into the abyss alone. The ruin of one girl may involve the destruction of twenty men. It is her way of hitting back at the man who betrayed her, and at the women who, faithless to their own sex, took his part and, with words of scorn, cast her out into the darkness from which there is seldom any return.

Like Persephone, woman is emerging from her thralldom; and she has no intention of returning to it. She is coming into the sunlight, but, as yet, her steps are unsteady, for the light blinds, as well as illuminates her. She cannot see clearly, for the light is in her eyes. What is to be our attitude towards her? Are we to help or hinder, lead or mislead? Our attitude to her will decide her future attitude to us. What we do with her now will decide what she will do with us later. What we sow—whether of blessing or of cursing—we shall surely reap. There is much that we can do for her, and, in this, the Church, as the exponent of Christ's teaching, should take the lead. First, we must frankly and gladly recognize her as our peer. We are giving her equality at the polling booth, but we must also give her equality before the law. She must also have equality in morals. There must no

longer be one standard for man and another for woman. It is only just, however, to say that for this double standard women are as responsible as men. Men have supplied the arguments in defense of it, but, for its practical acceptance, women are chiefly responsible. A woman who has fallen is, as a rule, treated much more harshly by women than by men, while a man who has betrayed a woman is excused much more readily by women than by men. Women condemn the man in the abstract but, in practice, they receive him as if he had done little or nothing amiss. They will invite an immoral man to their social functions when they would never dream of inviting an immoral woman. In fact, they have carried this practice so far that a large number of men believe that a rake is more popular amongst women than a chaste man, and this belief has polished the slope for the downfall of many a youth.

It is useless for women to condemn immorality in men, while they treat rakes as angels. No one will believe in their sincerity. Until women ostracize men for the same sins as they ostracize women, there can be no equality in morals between the sexes. While women accept the double standard of morality the social evil can never

be abolished, and, as things are at present, there can be no denial of the fact that women *do* accept it. Woman, when she sins, is branded with the scarlet letter of shame and exposed on the pillory of public opinion, but the man escapes with a mild reproof. It is a burning shame, a cruel injustice; but, so far, both men and women have been content to have it so.

There must also be equality of opportunity for women. Capacity must give her the key to all doors, whether in the State, the Church, Industry, Learning or the Professions. Sex must cease to be a test, and woman must be allowed to take that to which she can attain. She will make mistakes, doubtless, and attempt things for which she is unfitted by nature; but she will profit by experience and will, in time, find her proper sphere. It is not for man to decide what woman shall be and do. She must have freedom to follow her instincts, and find her own place and function in communal life. Not man, but nature, must fix her bounds. Sex will count, but we cannot foretell, exactly, *how* it will count, or how far. She must follow her genius and learn by experience. Instead of attempting to circumscribe her activities, man must help

and encourage her to work out her own salvation, which will be with fear and trembling; for, like man, she is an explorer of the unknown.

One of woman's great needs is release from economic dependence on man. Whether rich or poor, she should be taught a trade or profession so that she may be independent both of man and of Dame Fortune. Many a woman has been forced into a mercenary marriage, that no Church service can sanctify or make anything but immoral, in order to obtain what a man can acquire by business. A poor man who desires wealth, luxury and a high social position can obtain them by industry, but, generally speaking, a woman can only obtain them, if at all, by marriage. Marriage can never be the sweet and sacred thing it ought to be until women can consider it independently of financial necessities. Much of modern marriage is the old marriage by purchase, under a thin disguise. But, while some are forced into a loveless marriage, others are driven into a life of open immorality. In London, thousands of women are living an immoral life through economic necessity. They had to give up their virtue or starve, and they were not the stuff of

which martyrs are made. Others who are engaged in business have to augment their income by doing wrong. Their wages are insufficient to pay for their lodgings, food and dress, so they "do as the other girls do" who work beside them. Others, again, have determined to live with a measure of luxury. If they were men they might obtain wealth by business means but, being women, they can only obtain it by marriage with a rich man or by prostitution. As they cannot marry riches they obtain them by vice, for, in Christian England women are paid better for vice than for industry.

If immoral marriages are to cease, and prostitution come to an end, it is absolutely essential that the business world should be thrown open to women on the same terms as to men. They must be made economically independent of men, so that those who are willing to work will be tempted to enter neither into a mercenary marriage nor a life of vice. Only when a woman can earn a good livelihood by her own hands will she be able to consider marriage on its merits, and dare to wait for her true love to come for her. In marriage, half the husband's income should be regarded as the wife's, and the half of all savings should be invested in

her name. The husband earns, but the wife saves: he manages his business, she manages his home. He no more keeps her than she keeps him. They divide labours and cares; they ought to share investments. For a husband to invest all in his own name, and claim the right to leave it as he wishes at death, is mean and dishonest. He is reducing the queen of his home and the mother of his family to the position of a housekeeper and dependent. It is a weak tyrant's method of maintaining mastery. It is ruling a wife by means of an economic threat. If a man will trust his wife with his earnings she will save for him; and if he will put half of his investments in her name he will have little occasion to complain of her extravagance. Women are, on the whole, less extravagant than men. The husband who complains of his wife's extravagance is, as a rule, one who gives her no financial responsibility, but doles out allowances as if she were a housekeeper or an expensive doll. A wife seldom fails a man who regards her as his partner and equal.

With economic independence women, I repeat, will be saved from the necessity of contracting a marriage for a livelihood. They will be on an equality with men. But,

if marriage is to be what it was meant to be, women must be given equality in another direction also. We must remove moral as well as economic compulsion. Marriage by capture has ceased, except among savages, but a kind of blackmail has taken its place. Taunts have superseded physical force. If, out of loyalty to an old love, or because she has not found her true mate, a woman refuses to marry, she is liable to be sneered at as an "old maid." A man is not sneered at for not marrying. Why should a woman? Virginity is surely on a higher moral plane than loveless marriage, or marriage for money or position. A woman who regards marriage, without love, as sacrilege, is as worthy of respect as a nun. She, too, has taken the vow of chastity, and none can release her from it but her true lover. And he may be dead or fail to find her. Few women decline marriage for selfish reasons; but many women marry from sordid motives. They have no ideal of what marriage should be, but can marry "for a home," a social position, wealth, or because they think it the natural thing to do. They do not understand the joy and exultation of passionate purity. They think that if a woman does not marry she abstains because she has had

no favourable offer of marriage. To realize how absurd this is, one has but to think of some of those who have married and compare them with some who have not. Children are good judges of character, and the almost universal love given by them to maiden aunts is the highest of all testimonies to their worth.

In the East End of London our elderly, unmarried women were as mothers to the poor neglected children. Without them our work amongst the children would have been impossible. Their tact, devotion and unselfishness were something to marvel at. Many of the truest mothers I have ever known have been childless, and have spent their lives mothering the neglected children of women who were unworthy of their high calling. The fact was that they were too chaste to marry for anything but love, and some of them had lost their lovers at the hands of Death. The taunts flung at unmarried women are a survival from the days when women were regarded as the property of men. They are still spoken of as being "left on the shelf" as if they were goods in a shop that no man would buy. When women are regarded as men's equals this kind of taunt will cease; and women will be

as free as men from this moral compulsion to marry. And when women marry purely for love and not for worldly considerations, motherhood will come into its own in popular estimation. The mother will be regarded as the first, and most favoured, amongst women.

The woman who, for love's sweet sake, faces motherhood, is as heroic as the soldier who goes into battle for a noble cause. And she is as great a benefactor of the race. The women of the Old Testament regarded motherhood as their pride and glory, and all pure and thoughtful people take the same view. Only those whose hearts are tainted, and who confuse love with lust, can regard motherhood as anything but pure and noble. For a woman to bring into the world an immortal being in her own image and likeness is the highest function on earth. God has delegated to her something of His own creative power, and no religious mind can contemplate her without reverence. While all careers should be open to women, none will ever be so great and honourable as the calling of motherhood. We have evidence of this in the adoration given to the Virgin Mary. She is the representative of motherhood as well as the parent of Christ, and

mankind has instinctively given her reverence.

Motherhood, being earth's most sacred calling, should be the most carefully protected. This is, however, far from being the case. In industrial districts I have seen women doing hard, manual labour for ten hours a day, within two or three weeks of childbirth. They had not even the opportunity of sitting down occasionally. And within three weeks after the birth of their little ones they have been back at work and the children left to be nursed by a neighbour. Many poor women have not even a qualified nurse to help them in their hour of need. The State should institute an order of doctors and nurses whose sole duty would be to look after mothers and their babies free of all charge. Soldiers receive free medical attendance, and the same should be granted to mothers, for childbirth is, to a woman, what battle is to a man.

Children are an asset to the State and parents are compelled to bring them up largely as the State dictates. Parents cannot do what they like with their children but must obey the laws framed by the State for them. And when the boys are grown up the State claims the right to take them

away, put them in the army, and, if necessary, send them to their death in battle. Yet, while the State lays this tremendous claim to the children, it shirks its responsibility for their support. Apart from free education, in day-schools, the parents have to bear the entire burden. Mothers have to risk their lives for their children, nurse them, and, in addition, have often to do manual labour to clothe and feed them. If the husband becomes an invalid, or is incapable or lazy, the burden on the mother is an intolerable one. Her sons may have to defend childless men and women in war, but these fair-minded citizens refuse to help her in the rearing of her young. Her boys may not be fed or clothed by the State, but, when grown up, they may be conscripted for the wars.

The time has come, I contend, for the State endowment of motherhood. Medical attendance on children should be free. Children of working people should be fed and clothed at school, or else weekly grants of money should be made to their mothers. In the case of the middle class, there should be a considerable abatement of the income tax on account of each child. For the State to claim the children for its own, and yet

refuse to support them is dishonesty and a shirking of responsibility. The State is claiming the children more and more, and it must support them in proportion to its claims. The mother's claim on the State is as great as the soldier's, and, for the support of her children, she ought not to be entirely dependent on her husband. With these things accomplished, the full emergence of woman will be as the coming of spring. She will bring to our old and barren civilization a new gladness, a new beauty, a new significance, and a new joy.

XI

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

A CHILD is God's masterpiece. When I see a sleeping child, I want to kneel before it as the Wise Men knelt before the Infant-Christ. There is an aura of purity about it that hallows the place of its rest. The smile of heaven is on its face and it seems as if Christ had been born again on earth. We know not who the little stranger is, nor what he may become. He may be a future Milton or a Shakespeare, a Prime Minister or an Archbishop. Every child comes to us *incognito*, and we have no means of discovering his rank and importance. It would seem to be God's way of insuring every child a fair start in life, for, whether born in a cottage or a castle, the babe may prove to be a king of men. God caused Christ to be born in a workman's family to teach us respect for every child no matter whether it belongs to a king or a carpenter.

Yet we have not learned the lesson. Every day thousands of innocent babes are born in hovels that are worse than the stable in which Christ was born. Any one of them may be Christ come back again. We have no means of knowing, for each child comes without his badge of rank. In any case, Christ identifies Himself with each child. As we deal with the babe we deal with Him, for, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." How, then, are we treating these baby Christs? One day I met the deaconess of our Mission in a poor street, and she greeted me with these words, "I'm sick. I've just been visiting a poor woman in childbirth. She has only one room, and there isn't a bit of furniture in it. She is lying on a kind of bed, but she hasn't a sheet or a blanket." And under those conditions a little child began its pilgrimage. What chance had it? No wonder if it cried! Every child begins life with a cry, but the cry of a slum child is prophetic of the evil that awaits it. What is all our boasted civilization worth while such a birth is possible amongst us? The birth-cry of a child born under such conditions is as the voice of God, and accuses every man and woman in

the land of inhumanity. The iron-shod heel of our civilization is planted on the heart of a child, and we shut the doors of our comfortable homes that we may not hear its cries. Until such a birth is impossible every Christian and patriot should walk with bowed head. Have we neither feeling nor intelligence to make such outrages on babies a thing of the past? Is such a civilization the best that this practical age can produce? It makes one wonder which is greater—our stupidity or our heartlessness?

One day I entered a house and found the family at table. *On that table was nothing but dry bread and water.* The parents were sober, honest and frugal, but the father was a painter out of work, and therefore, without money. He brought me a Bible that I might read a chapter to them, and I happened to choose the thirty-fourth Psalm. When I came to the ninth verse I saw just ahead some words that I dare not read. I could not tell seven starving children, a penniless father, and a starving mother within three days of childbirth that, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." I therefore passed on to the verses following. David wrote of life as he

had seen it; but, then, he lived in a poor country and not in a wealthy land like England. He was also a Jew, and, even in the East End of London, to-day, the Jews, who fear the Lord, are not allowed to starve. The community provides for them work or food. David did not live among a people that sincerely believes itself to be Christian, that has built churches and chapels in every parish to proclaim Christ's teaching, and yet allows God-fearing people to starve. If he had lived in England, or America, he would not have seen "young lions," but little children "suffer hunger." I am young and not old, yet have I seen the seed of the righteous "begging bread."

The irony of the situation is that we think ourselves Christians, and say Christian prayers at the opening of Parliament. We even send missionaries to the Jews. The whole business is grotesque enough to make angels weep and devils laugh. On the Sunday after my visit to the family just referred to, I was in the pulpit when a note was handed to me announcing the birth of the expected child. In simple words I told the congregation the story and, at the close of the service, the poor worshipers came and emptied their purses into my hand, so that

the mother and child might have a chance. At the same hour, in the gay restaurants and fine houses of the West End of the English capital, crowds were sitting down to luxurious dinners, heedless of the cry of the child. They were too far off to hear it. They do not see any connection between the overloaded tables of the West End and the bare tables of the East End. They do not understand that the people in the East End are paying for the dinners in the West End. And "where there is no vision the people perish." Vice attacks the West End and starvation the East End. The poor man's daughter lures into sin the rich man's son, so that she may get from him some of the wealth that ought to have been hers by inheritance. At last, the cry of the East End child is heard in the West End; and the rich mother is made to weep tears as bitter as those of the poor mother. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." Yet the moral ruin of the children of the rich brings no benefit to the children of the poor, whereas justice and fair-play would benefit all.

Born as are children in a slum, what chance would any of us have? Could we bear to see our own children starving in a

hovel? And can we be less considerate of the children of others? Do not all belong to God? Can we, with any decency, ask God to bless our own babes, while we allow other children to be born and brought up in slums? It is useless to say we cannot prevent it. If we cared sufficiently, we could. Millions of men and women never even trouble to find out how the poor *are* born. They move as far away from the slums as their means allow, and shut their eyes and ears. If some one forces them to consider the poor, they give a donation and "pass by on the other side." Some even add insult to injury by saying that the poor owe their poverty to drink, laziness or extravagance. They libel the poor in order to justify their own inhumanity. In comparison with some of the children I have known, Christ was born in luxury. We have tears for Him, yet none for them. Many just and tender-hearted people are ignorant of the conditions under which the children of the poor live. Ignorance is, however, no justification. We have no right to be ignorant. It is our duty to find out. We have eyes, and ears and tongues. If we do not know how the poor live, whose fault is it?

In London and other great cities, there

are thousands of boys who have no overcoats, even in the depth of winter. Nor have they any woollen underclothing. They have not even a change of clothing. They get wet to the skin, and their clothing has to dry on their backs. Thousands die through wearing wet clothes, and thousands more become consumptive or contract rheumatism. The children are under-clothed and under-fed.

A member of our Mission kept a grocery, and sometimes I stood by the counter to watch the people buy their food. Seldom did any customer spend more than three pence (six cents) on a single article. For the family dinner a boy would buy a pennyworth of butter or dripping, a penny sausage, two potatoes, a half-pennyworth of milk, a loaf of bread and a pennyworth of tea, and sugar. The pale pinched faces of the children shouted starvation at one as they passed in the street. When we gave a Sunday-school tea, the children ate so ravenously that, for the protection of the younger children, we had to divide the food and place it in portions beside each child. Yet, hungry though they were, some of the children would take half their portion home and give it to other members of the family.

For some years I was a Manager of the Schools, and it was my duty to visit the day-schools of the district each week. I was thus able to study the effect of under-feeding on scholars. I found that some of the children were so lacking in physical stamina that they could not learn their lessons. When the School Feeding Act came into operation at any school the children improved as scholars. A plain breakfast was given them, and immediately they began to put on weight. At the end of each term they were weighed, and on their return from vacation they were weighed again. In almost every case the child had lost weight during the holidays. It is useless to blame the parents. The parents are as much the victims of our social system as the children. When they were children, they were starved in the same way. Their wages are insufficient for the upkeep of a family. Even the little money they have cannot be used to the best advantage. Housekeeping is a fine art—one they have never been taught.

Many of the women of the slums are as incapable of cooking a meal as is a duchess. Even if they knew how, they could not use their knowledge. The family may have but

a single room for all purposes. There is no stove or cupboard. They have nothing to cook with. They have merely a kettle and pan and these are hung on the wall beside the baby's bath. The food is kept in a box—perhaps under the bed. The mother may fry a herring, boil an egg or make a pot of tea, but she has not the means to venture farther into the realm of cookery. And, as the parents have not enough money to buy meals already cooked, it is impossible for them to feed their children sufficiently. They have not a penny saved. They are entirely dependent on the day's earnings or the weekly wage. Work is uncertain and the moment it is withdrawn, the wolf of starvation enters the door. The harm done to a child by under-feeding can never be undone. If it lives, it sooner or later drifts into a hospital or sanitorium and becomes a burden on the State.

Our neglect of the children is thus both a crime and a blunder. We refuse to find a boy food but, later on, in his manhood, we are compelled to find him doctors, nurses, medicine, food and shelter. If we had fed him when a boy he would have become a healthy worker, maintaining himself and enriching the State. The injury we do him

returns on ourselves. It is the law of retribution. There *is* a God, and we do not get rid of Him by forgetting Him. What we unjustly withhold from the poor can only bring us harm. The rich child cannot be safe until the poor child is out of danger. The day-schools in our slums are doing a magnificent work which needs extending. The Education Authority should be a Children's Welfare Authority and have control over the children until they are eighteen or nineteen. No child should pass out of its control until it is placed in definite employment.

We need, too, a new kind of school for children over thirteen, and a new kind of teacher. The school should be industrial, and the teachers should be practiced men of business. Each child should be taught a trade, and kept at the school until it has been found regular employment. The schools should be linked to the businesses and industries of the district. Every child should be taught one definite trade, and apprenticed to it for two or three years. He would then be sure of a livelihood, but could, later on, pass to something else if he so desired. There may be disadvantages in such a system, but they cannot compare with the evils

which flow from our present utter lack of system; and if the interests of the children are protected from the greed of a few short-sighted employers, the disadvantages will be reduced to a minimum.

At present, children, when they leave school, simply drift into blind alleys. At seventeen or eighteen, they find themselves out of employment, and without any definite knowledge of trade or industry. A boy becomes "Jack of all trades and master of none." Often men came to me and asked if I could find them work. "What can you do?" I would ask. "Oh, anything," they would reply. In other words, they could do nothing. They were willing to work, but they had received no training, and were unfit for anything more skillful than selling matches. Instead of being beggars, and burdens on society, these men might have been workers, and the wealth they contributed to the State would have paid for the industrial schools in which they were trained. The State, however, through a lack of courage and common sense, prefers to continue "a penny wise and pound foolish" policy. It kills the goose that might lay golden eggs.

Food and clothing are not all that the chil-

dren of the poor need. They require knowledge. We must have a care for the starving mind, and heed the cry of the poor scholar. There is, in our Universities at Oxford and Cambridge, a large number of men who have no business there. They have been admitted simply because their parents are rich and can pay the fees. These youths do not go to get knowledge. They go to play, and "have a good time." They want games and pleasure, and a University for Athletics would meet their needs. They are not scholars and never intend to be, yet they are filling the places that ought to be occupied by scholars. Outside the Universities are thousands who ought to be inside. They cannot enter because they are unable to pay expenses. They are real scholars; they desire learning. If they could but enter they would study with all their powers, and the world would, later on, be enriched by their studies. Even in the slums I have met boys who might become anything in the land if given a proper education. They ought to be sent to a secondary school and then on to the University. When one thinks of these wasted intellects, and then considers some of the ordinary minds which our Universities are trying to make extra-ordinary, one

grows cynical. But the poverty of the poor is their destruction. The scholars among them are shut out from the halls of learning because they happen to have been born poor.

In no class of society is the proportion of scholars great, and we can afford to lose none. The majority of men, whether among the rich or poor, have no passion for knowledge. They are not, and do not desire to be, scholars. They merely wish to have sufficient information and training to enjoy the life opening out before them. The rich, in many cases, send their boys to the University simply because it is considered "the right thing to do." It gives the boys social prestige. But, to give social prestige is not the purpose of a University. The object of a University is to encourage learning. It has nothing to do with wealth. If it allows itself to become the monopoly of a class, and makes the pronouncement of a sum of money its shibboleth, it falls from its high estate and becomes a commercial undertaking.

The doors of a University ought to open to all true scholars without respect of purses, and they ought to be open to none else. Rich and poor ought to have an equal op-

portunity of entering. Universities should be supported by the State so that they may fling their doors open to all true seekers after knowledge, without running the risk of financial embarrassment. Many men would be content with comparative poverty were it not that poverty robs them of learning. We owe the greatness of old Hugh Latimer and Dr. Johnson largely to the fact that the Universities of their day gave an opening to the poor scholar.

To-day, the opening is so small that very few can squeeze through. All through the Christian centuries the Church, despite its occasional narrowness and bigotry, has been the patron and protector of learning. It built schools and halls of learning before the State. It was the pioneer of education and its clergy have ever been in the forefront of educationalists. No society has done as much as the Church to widen the bounds of knowledge. There have been ages when it was practically the only light shining in the darkness. And in the New Era it must not lose its tradition or forsake its post. It must listen to the cry of the poor scholar and place his feet in the halls of learning.

Knowledge, like the sun, is intended for all who love it. It should be the right of

every scholar whether he be rich or poor. Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and the Church, as His representative on earth, must echo the invitation. The little ones, who lack food, clothing, shelter and knowledge must be encouraged to bring their troubles to the Church; and the Church must go forth, in the spirit of Sir Galahad, to redress their wrongs, and bring them into their inheritance.

XII

THE BOY IN THE PEW

WHAT, in recent years, has been wrong with the Church's appeal to the youth of our land? Why has it fallen flat? Is it not that there has been an absence of the heroic note? The War has shown how deep, and almost universal, is the love of heroism and the desire to do heroic deeds, but the Church seems to have been unaware of this latent heroism and to have made no appeal to it. The keenest critic of the preacher in the pulpit is the boy in the pew. Adults consider the preacher's sermon—construction, diction, arguments and manner—but boys go straight to essentials. They think only of the man and his message. "Is the preacher the sort of man I would like to be?" each boy asks himself. "Will his teaching make a real man of me if I follow it?" He looks at the people in the pews about him and wonders if he would care to be like them

when he grows up. He judges the preaching by its effect on the congregation and on the preacher himself. Does the preacher realize that the boys in the church are reading, with their clear eyes, his very soul, and that their whole future will be influenced by what they find there? Do congregations understand that the children present are watching them with eyes as keen as an eagle's, that their characters are being sifted, their attitude and spirit noted, and that their whole personality is being weighed in the balances? To a child, the congregation is the real commentary on the text. Boys are pragmatists and they judge the Gospel by its effect on the people who hear it. The verdict they arrive at determines, for good or ill, their future attitude towards religion, and settles it once for all. The children are the only critics any preacher need fear, for they see more clearly than adults, and their lives are changed by what they see.

A man, who had reached the half-way house to threescore years and ten, once gave me the following as his experience; and I think it is of psychological value to preachers and congregations.

"I was born," he said, "in a Christian

home and brought up in a religious way from my earliest days. From the age of five I attended church and Sunday school, every Sunday, without fail. Once, when I was about ten, I stayed after the evening service to the prayer-meeting that followed. Good men offered up prayers, and the preacher appealed to the unconverted to come forward to the communion-rail and, in the presence of the congregation, give themselves to God and begin to live the Christian life. There was a spirit of true religion in the service, and people were deeply moved. A man, whom I knew to be of drunken habits, went forward, and leaders of the church knelt by his side and prayed with him. He confessed his sins, and received the inward assurance of forgiveness. His heart was set at rest; he gave up his drunkenness; and ever after lived a good and blameless life.

“ While he knelt at the rail I was deeply moved, and thought of my own future life. The man was getting old. He had wasted his life and had but the dregs left to give to God. Would it not be better to become a Christian in childhood, and spend one’s whole life in the service of Christ? I went forward and knelt at the rail. My chum did

the same. We stayed there some little while, but no one came to speak to us or pray with us. They were all thinking of the man who was a drunkard. After a time, when we realized that no one was going to help us, I suggested to my chum that we should go back to our pew. It was evident, I concluded, that we were too young to be Christians. We must wait till we were grown up. I had been presumptuous and felt a little ashamed.

“During the next three or four years I brooded a good deal on the incident, and on the kind of preaching we received, for it was preaching that heavily stressed the need for repentance and conversion. And I came, in my boyish mind, to this terrible conclusion: ‘To repent, I must have something to repent of. I must sin to be saved. The drunkard could be deeply sorry for his sins because he had sinned deeply. And he could be sure of his conversion because he had been saved from drunkenness and had become sober and clean living. He was welcomed into the Church with excess of joy because he had wandered so far from the Church. He had been a prodigal and had come back. Therefore for him there was the fatted calf, music and dancing. I

too must become a prodigal and go into the far country. After a riotous life, I should have something of which to repent and ask forgiveness. Also, my reformed life would prove to me that I had been really converted and saved from my sins. I should be a better Christian for having sinned, and the Church would welcome me back from the far country with open arms.'

"The leaders of the Church would have been shocked beyond measure had they known that they were making such an impression on a child's mind; but a child is quick to notice the drift of things, and the preaching so consistently overstated the need for repentance and 'faith in Christ' that it was natural for a child to conclude that religion was only for grown-up people who could understand theology and therefore believe, and who had sinned and could therefore repent. We had appeals made to us, on 'Children's Sunday,' to give our lives to Christ, but there was a feeling of unreality about them. One felt that the teachers just wished to keep us safe until we came to years of understanding. Then they would appeal to us again, to repent and be converted. The child's acceptance of religion was, one felt, but the false dawn; the

real dawn could not come until one reached the teens. It was granted that a child's soul might open gradually to God as a rosebud opens to the sun, but this was not emphasized. It was not regarded as the normal process. The dramatic conversion, the sudden passing from darkness to light, like a tropical dawn, was believed to be the real thing, and the normal process. We were led to listen for God in the earthquake, rather than in the still small voice.

“The fact was, the Church was pressing adult religion on children as Saul pressed his suit of armour on David, and it did not fit. Preachers called on us to repent as Whitefield and Wesley called on the drunken miners of Kingswood to repent; and the same dramatic turning to God was expected of us. But what had we to repent of? There the preachers were in a difficulty, and the doctrine of ‘original sin’ came to their help, and gave them a measure of logical consistency. All had fallen with Adam. All hearts were born tainted with sin. ‘There is none righteous, no not one.’ ‘All have sinned and come short of the glory of God,’ were texts quoted to us. But we felt that we were not responsible for Adam's fault. We could not repent for him. If

therefore repentance was absolutely necessary to salvation, and if the repentance was to be sincere, we felt that we must first sin on our own account. Then repentance would be a sincere and natural thing. But our consciences rebelled against the idea. We didn't want to sin. The preachers and teachers didn't want us to sin. They were continually warning us against it. Yet, how could we repent, and experience a dramatic conversion without first sinning?

“Thus our minds were perplexed by this morbid presentation of Christianity. What we really needed was less talk about sin and more about virtue. We wanted to know how to live pure and good lives rather than how to repent of bad ones. We longed for the heroic note instead of the morbid. We wanted to know how to steer our little ships across the sea of life into the heavenly harbor; but the preaching was all about shipwrecks and lifeboats, as if we could only be saved from the sea after being wrecked. We felt that good seamanship was our greatest need, and we wanted Christ to come to us as our Pilot, rather than as the Captain of a lifeboat to pick us out of the water.

“There was another thing that tended to keep me out of the Church. I felt that the

Christian life presented to us was not a natural thing for a boy. It was all right for girls, and middle-aged men who wanted to settle down and be quiet, but it was not the thing for a boy who, having energy and the spirit of adventure, desired to get something worthy done before the lights of life were blown out. Our preachers and teachers made us think that Jesus was effeminate. He was always 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,' and we didn't want to be meek and mild. We wanted to be boys. There was a boy in my class at school who was 'meek and mild,' and I didn't admire him. When the teacher left the room for a few minutes this boy was always asked to act as spy and tell the teacher which of us talked in his absence. With a spy in front of me I could not resist the temptation to talk, and a caning was my reward. As soon as the school closed this 'meek and mild' boy ran home like the wind with me at his heels. While we were yet at school the boy died. I felt sorry then that I had ever chased him, but I was not surprised at his death. I had often heard women talk about children being 'too good to live'; and I had often heard my mother say (with a sly glance which suggested that my prospects

were not rosy) that 'only good boys go to heaven.' As 'good' boys were always meek, mild and girl-like I felt sure he had been taken to heaven because he was too good for earth.

"Well, I didn't want to go to heaven, I wanted to live and do something. The preachers had made me afraid of both heaven and hell, and the earth seemed the only place where I had a chance of real happiness. Heaven had been pictured as a place with golden streets, where every one had a golden harp and was expected to sing ceaseless praises. In those days I hated singing, and had once been caned for refusing to sing in class. Heaven would be like a Sunday School Anniversary that never came to an end. We should be singing one hymn after another. There was no night there, and the singing would never stop. There were no games and no adventures. We should all have to be on our best behaviour, and I should be terribly bored. I didn't want to go to heaven a bit, but I wanted to go to hell still less, for there I should be in a burning fiery furnace. The fire would never go out, and it would never finish its work. It would scorch me every minute, and I should cry out in agony, but it

would not kill me. There would be ugly devils there to mock my sufferings, but neither a God, angel or mother to heed my cry or to open a way out for me.

“ So I was on the horns of a dilemma. I didn't want to go to heaven or hell. I must try to live on earth as long as I could, get as much happiness as possible, and then, when I thought I was going to die—and I must not run it too close—I must repent, turn good, and try to get into heaven as the better of the two places. But ‘being good’ meant being meek, mild and effeminate, and I must wait till I was getting old before I settled down to that. The men I admired were gentle and strong and I wanted to be like them. Christ was described as gentle, but somewhat weak and womanly. He had no temper or high spirits. He just let people do what they liked with Him. As I grew older, and read the Gospels for myself, I discovered that this picture of Christ was a caricature. I found that He had a temper, and on one occasion whipped a whole crowd of money-changers out of the temple. Single-handed He drove them before Him like a flock of sheep. In their haste to get away they upset the tables and left their money to roll about the floor. They were

Jews too, and Jews do not run away from money without cause. Probably the incident is without a parallel in history. They must have been terribly frightened, and Christ must have looked the incarnation of anger. Also, He denounced the Scribes and Pharisees, facing them as they had never been faced before. This so enraged them that they took up stones to kill Him. Yet, calm and erect, He walked through the surging mob as fearlessly as amongst babes. In every company of men He was Master and demanded absolute obedience. He called men to give up their occupations and follow Him and they obeyed immediately. He called a king 'that fox' and when He stood before him refused either to obey him or answer his questions. Without a tremor, He faced a howling mob who cried, 'Crucify Him, crucify Him, suffer not such a Man to live.' He declined to answer Pilate's questions, or to stoop to save His life. He was supreme on every occasion. He was always on the side of the 'bottom dog.' He was the peerless Knight and went forth every day to defend the weak, redress the wrongs of the poor and rebuke the proud.

"Here indeed was a boy's Hero. Yet the preachers made Him look effeminate and

turned us from Him. I used to look round the congregation to see what kind of men Christianity made and found a tameness about them that appalled me. There was one young man who quite frightened me, for I was afraid that if I became a Christian I might grow like him. He was so meek and mild that I was sure butter would not melt in his mouth. He was so harmless that I doubted if he could say 'boo' to a goose. I thought he ought to be in petticoats. I was sure he had never had a fight in his life, never climbed to a magpie's nest, never been caught bathing in a stream and chased naked through the fields by a farmer, had never been caned at school for sticking pins into his neighbor. He did me more harm than falling into bad company would have done. I felt that to become a Christian was to put on petticoats and give up all hope of adventures. I heard people speak of 'men, women and parsons' and felt that Christianity unsexed men. I wanted to be a Christian, but, if it meant becoming a girl, I would be a soldier or sailor instead.

"My father's personality saved me. He, at any rate, was no woman in trousers. He was my ideal man, and yet he was a Christian and a great worker in the Church. He

was both a lay preacher and Sunday-school teacher. He laboured to save souls as other men labour to make fortunes. He was 'poor yet making many rich.' Religion was the master passion of his life. I saw that Christianity made him rise to the full height of his manhood. It gave him reserves of strength that others lacked. He had a head like a lion, and his eyes were bold and fearless. He feared God, but I am sure it was the only kind of fear he ever knew. Fear was a word not to be found in his dictionary. He was gentle and affectionate and, when I was making toys or rabbit-hutches, he would utterly forget that he was a man, and would help me as though he were a boy but little my senior. He showed such boyish enthusiasm that mother would sometimes playfully ask which of us was the younger? Yet I would rather have twisted a lion's tail than have provoked him. When I vexed him there came a flash into his eyes that made me wish myself round a corner. There was a line I must not cross. 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther' his look would sometimes say. He was stern, yet I do not remember a beating; but that was largely due to the fact that my mother could keep a secret. She threw her apron over a multitude of boyish

sins. He was affectionate but had all a boy's scorn of emotional outbursts.

" I cannot remember us ever kissing each other, or using a single term of endearment. From babyhood I called him father, and he called me John, but he could say ' John ' in a way that thrilled like a kiss. His love was like a hot stream flowing under ice. Sometimes when I was reading a story of adventure he would take the book out of my hand to see if it was a suitable one for me. Soon he would lose himself in the story and forget that I was waiting for him to give me the book back. As I watched him I would say inwardly, ' You *are* a boy's man.' In pensive moments there sometimes came into his stern blue eyes a strangely sad look which I have never been able to interpret. There were lonely reaches of his soul which no foot had trod and no eye seen. He seemed, at such moments, to be sitting alone within

" ' Charm'd magic casements, opening on the
foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.'

" He fought for the weak, visited the sick, called on the stranger, helped the poor, and played games with little children. For women he had the deep reverence of the

passionately pure. One whom he befriended told me sixteen years after his death that she would have cut off her right hand to have seen him again before he died; but at the time of his fatal illness she was herself lying at the gates of death.

“ ‘ His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, “ *This was a man.* ” ’ ”

“ Often he had walked twenty miles on a Sunday to preach at a village church, and when he came to die his religion did not leave him stranded. One night during a period of agony that made mother sick, he turned to her with a wan smile and said, ‘ Mother, what should I do now without Christ? ’ And on the last day he turned to her again and said, ‘ Mother, I can hear the music. ’ Next day I went into the town, and felt surprised and hurt to see how callous the world was. Father was dead, yet the sun still shone, the mills were at work, and the shops were open. Little children played in the street. Things went on as before. Yet not as before. One of my uncles stood before his photograph and weeping told how my father’s influence had changed his life. And I was changed. Father had

found in Christ his King Arthur and in the Church His Round Table of Knights. The daily round and common task had furnished all he needed to ask for the practice of chivalry. And within a year I had taken down my father's sword and sworn fealty to his King.

"I was only a boy at the time, but I have never forsaken the Court, though I have often proved unworthy of him whose sword I inherited. When sore beset I have sometimes felt that he was standing by me, that his firm and gentle hand was on my shoulder. From the enervating teaching of the Church I was saved by the bracing influence of my father's life. I was also helped by the missionaries who visited the Church and told us yarns of their adventures in heathen lands. Their accounts seemed to me like Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' brought up to date. Instead of a sailor or soldier I would be a pioneer missionary and explore new regions for the Church. I had one misgiving, however. The missionaries were being too successful. They would explore every country and convert every cannibal before I could have time to grow up. We had visits too from ministers who worked in the slums of great cities. We were told of drunken

husbands who beat their wives, and of ragged children who starved; of streets so infested with criminals that strangers were not allowed to go down them without an escort of policemen. The time came when I passed down these streets, for though I missed the cannibals I found my way to the slums. The pulpit lacked the note I was listening for, but I heard it in my father's life, and in the lectures of the missionaries and city missioners. I had been in danger of following the prodigal into the far country—not for sin but for romance and adventure, and these men saved me.”

This experience of my friend should be of value to us all. Our boys want the heroic note in the Church that sounded through the country when we declared war on Germany. They want to live purely, but dangerously. They don't want us to offer them a golden crown and a safe place in heaven. They want us to give them a sword, and a battle to use it in. They are tired of petticoat religion. The religion we offer must be a scabbard with a sword in it. Like David, St. Paul, Gordon, Livingstone, and Lord Roberts, they want to be both saints and adventurers.

XIII

KNIGHTS OF THE CHURCH

UNLIKE those I have referred to in the previous chapter many youths do not wish to live dangerously. Danger has no fascination for them. They cannot even understand the feeling. It is not in their nature. If you tell them of the lure danger possesses for certain temperaments, they stare at you with incredulous eyes. That danger can thrill the body like electricity, intoxicate the mind like wine, and lift the soul to its supreme height, is incomprehensible to them. In England, during the war, they kept out of the army till conscription brought them in, and then they wriggled in the net like eels seeking a loop-hole of escape. They made the most of their physical defects, sought to get round the doctors, doped themselves, or tried to get into munition works, mines and indispensable trades. When, at last, they were deposited at the Front, they feigned illness or intrigued for "safe jobs" behind the lines.

From childhood to old age such men play

for safety. They never commit an indiscretion nor do an impulsive thing. They never "ride to victory or a fall" like Rupert. A canter in Rotten Row is all they ask. They could never cry with Nelson, "Victory or Westminster Abbey," or in the heat of battle make the royal offer "My kingdom for a horse." They will not even invest their money in anything less safe than the Bank of England. They look before they leap and never take a leap in the dark. Their most sincere prayer is that they may not "run into any kind of danger." They never fall in love at first sight, nor marry out of their own social circle. They are not among the peers who marry actresses, nor among those who take poor, but worthy, girls into rich families. They do not marry for money, but they marry where money is. They have such control over their affections that they can keep them from going out to any person in a less prosperous position. They drop a friend when he falls on evil days. When the Bible says, "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity," they begin to doubt the inspiration of the Scriptures. They vote with their class at the elections, and choose the church which is frequented by the most respectable people.

Their mothers have no anxieties about them. They will always do the sensible thing, and neither break their necks, their fortunes nor their hearts. Whatever their age they are always the elder brother and stay at home with their family portion, while the younger brother goes off into the far country. They always die in their beds and always leave a will. One epitaph would do for all their tombstones, "He never did a rash thing and never did a great one." Their graves are always found in well-kept cemeteries, for they never die on desperate ventures in lonely, far-off lands.

Since the days when persecution ceased, and religion became respectable, this class has always had a large place in the Church, and its moderating and paralyzing influence has been felt everywhere. It does not kill the prophets—that would be taking extreme measures and might have unforeseen consequences. It gags them instead. I have it on high authority that a certain New York church never invites a new minister without first obtaining a shorthand report of all his sermons and addresses for the previous year. To this church not one of the Apostles or Prophets would have the slightest chance of a call.

He would not be a "safe" man. The Church has lost its hold on mankind because it is in the hands of "safe" men, who never sound the heroic note because it is not in them to strike. They have not won their own souls because they have never dared to risk losing them. And they have not won the world to the Church because they are afraid of offending it. "Nothing venture nothing have." Every one knows that Lloyd George is not a "safe" man, but he was made Prime Minister because it was realized that the war could no more be won by "safe" statesmen than by "safe" soldiers. To save her life, Britain had to risk it, and the Church must learn the same lesson or she will fail in the future as surely as in the past. I have sometimes thought that a great persecution would be the greatest blessing that could come to the Church; for, as it came, the "safe" men would leave her as rats leave a sinking ship, and only the heroic would remain. The more Gideon's army melted away under his severe tests, the stronger it became; and the Church would become stronger if half the people in it would leave.

While the Early Church was persecuted it prospered. The heroic amongst men and

women were drawn to it as by a magnet. But, when emperors recognized the Church, and persecution stopped, Christianity entered upon its darkest age. Its body enlarged but its soul shrivelled. Outwardly it prospered, but inwardly it perished. The same thing is happening to-day. The Church is becoming an appanage of society. Different denominations of the Church have differing degrees of social prestige; and, as people rise in social status they leave one denomination and join another. Religion is subordinated to social considerations. This is because the Church appeals to the meaner instincts of men instead of to their highest. It appeals to the love of prosperity instead of to the passion for sacrifice. Our use of heaven and hell is a logical development of this appeal. We have used heaven as a bribe, and hell as a threat.

But the offer of prosperity is not the most effective appeal to men. It fetches only the "safe" men. The war has shown the latent love and capacity of the race for sacrifice and unselfishness in a great cause. We appealed to men to die for liberty and they came forward by the hundred thousand. Bad news from France or Flanders always brought a revival to recruiting. The more

our soldiers were battered at the Front, the more eager the men at home became to join them. Every disaster to the troops swelled the army with recruits. The army grew by being destroyed. We offered men suffering and they embraced it as a bride. Men want to be heroes. They desire to make sacrifices and prove their manhood. They want to bring out into the open the highest that is hidden within them. The same preference for dangerous posts was shown at my college when an appeal was made for volunteers for the foreign field. When there was a vacancy, caused by death, on the West Coast of Africa—"the white man's grave"—there was always a rush of volunteers. Nor did the dangerous districts of China lack volunteers. It was only when the safe places on the mission field needed filling that we had any difficulty in finding men. Men went to the safe places with a feeling of resignation but to the dangerous places with a thrill of joy.

The love of sacrifice is one of the most powerful incentives in human nature. Offer certain types of people ease and safety and they remain indifferent; but offer them danger and self-sacrifice and they rise to the call with enthusiasm. Many women find their

highest delight in sacrificing themselves for their lovers, husbands or children. They like to see their loved ones in need of them. They are ever on the watch for a chance to suffer with them, or to sacrifice themselves for them. Napoleon well understood this spirit in mankind, and it was to some extent the secret of his success. He increased the loyalty of his troops by letting them suffer for him. He offered wounds and death where lesser men would have offered ease and pleasure. The fact is, men of the heroic mould can do great things better than little ones. In battle and during long vigils on the seas, Nelson was superb, but, amid the peace and luxury of his stay at Naples, he became fretful, exacting and almost effeminate. To be great, he needed great occasions.

The modern Church has never asked too much of men. It has always asked too little. It asks a man to give up a pint of beer, when it ought to ask him to give up a brewery. A man is asked to give a donation to the Church when he ought to be asked to give a fortune. Many refuse the small request who would grant the great. We ask a man to give his spare time, when we ought to ask him to give up his career. Christ

asked great things from men. He demanded all they had, and they responded. In place of riches, family life and a career, He offered them poverty, loneliness and martyrdom, and they followed Him without a word. How well He understood the sacrificial nature of St. Paul is shown by His promise to him—"I will shew him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake." The best men want to "suffer great things" for great causes. And Christ gave St. Paul the chance. Christ called Livingstone to the horrors of darkest Africa; Mary Slessor to the fever and loneliness of the West Coast; Dan Crawford to the utter isolation of Central Africa; Gordon to loneliness and death at Khartoum. In a mean London street, Christ called Charrington to give up his brewery and build a church instead; and Charrington gave up the brewery, and built the Great Assembly Hall on Mile End Waste, near the spot where General Booth had founded the Salvation Army after he had sacrificed his position as a minister and gone almost penniless into the streets.

The Church lacks faith in the latent nobility of human nature, and dare not declare the divine right of Christ to all that a man has and is. When it has dared to ask great

things from men it has got them. When the Jesuits asked men to take the vow of poverty rich men vied with poor men to enter the Order. In the East End of London I knew a rich man who had qualified both as a doctor and lawyer, so that he might be a modern Knight of Christ to succour and defend the poor. He lived in two small rooms in a narrow street, and worked himself to death before he was forty. I know a rich maiden lady who for more than fifteen years has worked, in connection with a Mission, amongst the outcasts of a great city; and she is one of the happiest people I have ever met.

Let the Church appeal, as the nations have done during the war, to the chivalry that lies dormant in mankind, and it will be amazed at the response. Men are ready, for the sake of the heathen abroad and the poor at home, to live greatly and dangerously, and they must be given the call. There are women who love greatly who are ready to give their lives without stint to the service of neglected children. Like Mary with her alabaster box of ointment they count not the cost, but long to pour out their love in the service of Christ and His needy ones.

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